

THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL AND LADY HOUSTON

THE

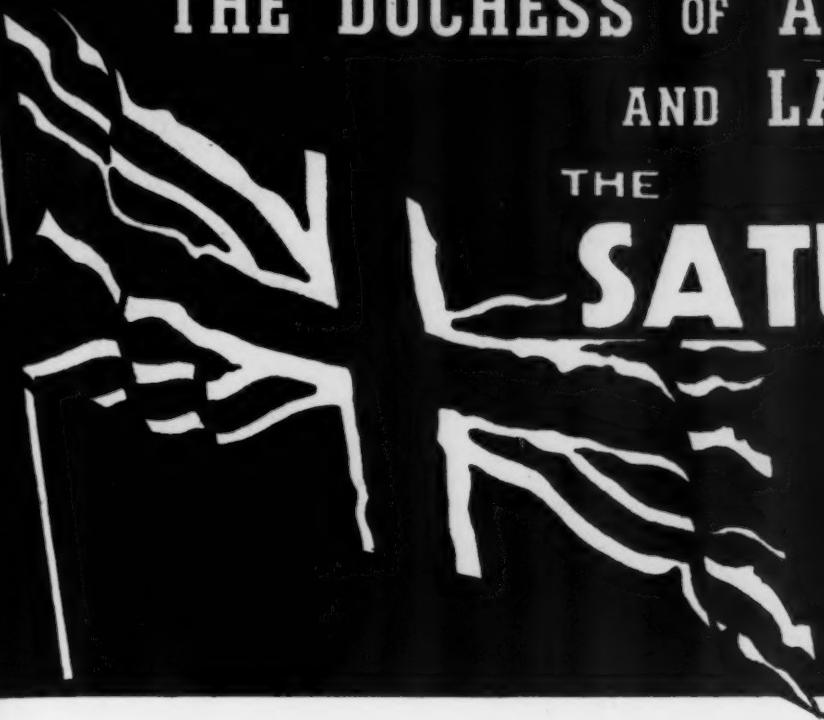
SATURDAY REVIEW

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

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Reduced to 2^{D.}



The following letter was sent by Lady Houston to the "Daily Telegraph" in answer to one from the Duchess of Atholl :—

SIR—Will the Duchess of Atholl consider the point of view of those who disagree with her, when she says “Nazi-ism is a greater danger to this country than Bolshevism”?

The Duchess is perturbed because she considers Germany's immense increase of armaments is a menace to this country. But there is another way of looking at this.

Before Hitler took the reins, Germany was the underdog, and when France said “Couche toi,” she had to obey. But Hitler is a man of vision. He saw the only way to put Germany back into the centre of the picture again was by Germany becoming stronger, much stronger than her neighbours, AND HE PERFORMED THIS MIRACLE.

But why should this fact be taken as a danger to England when Germany has offered us the hand of friendship and has given no sign of having any desire to be a danger to us?

GERMANY HAS ARMED TO DEFEND HERSELF AGAINST SOVIET RUSSIA BECAUSE SHE SEES IN BOLSHEVISM THE DESTRUCTION OF CIVILISATION.

And although the Duchess points out what has happened in Germany since 1931, she says nothing about what has happened in Russia since then. Russia, too, has been arming assiduously during these years, and is said now to have an army of 2,000,000 and an air force second to none. Moreover, only a few days ago Russia declared it her intention to increase her army and make her air force equal to the united air forces of all Europe.

Does the Duchess see happier conditions in France or in Spain since they supped with the Bolsheviks—or in Russia's own unhappy people since they murdered their Tsar?

Your obedient servant,

(Continued on pages 336-7)

LUCY HOUSTON.

Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."

THE THREE FACTS

The Pharisees themselves would have despised the hypocrisy with which the Red Press of this country humbugs its readers.

In their morbid zest for the brutal and bloodthirsty cult of Bolshevism, these newspapers deliberately distort the truth.

They depict the gang of murderers, rapists, and church defilers who are trying to make Madrid an appendage of Moscow as a properly constituted national Government, representing the majority of the Spanish people.

Here are the facts:

The General Election held in Spain last February recorded over 200,000 more votes for the Right than for the Left. It was a defect of the Spanish electoral system that gave 256 seats in the new Parliament to the Reds and only 197 to the anti-Reds.

II

The feeble, half-way-to-Bolshevism Cabinet which then came to office **was from the first a helpless captive of the Communists.**

Largo Caballero, the Communist leader, boasted that he would get rid of the Government as soon as it had served his Bolshevik aims. José Diaz, the secretary of the Spanish Communist Party, announced that a "revolution" was close at hand which would have profound effects upon the neighbouring States of France and Portugal.

III

For months before the patriotic generals took up arms, Red murderers were daily killing Nationalists in cold blood with complete impunity all over Spain. Sixty churches had been burnt before the civil war broke out at all.

The final outrage was the brutal murder of the Nationalist leader Sotelo by the police of the Red régime in Madrid.

The greater part of the country is already in the hands of the anti-Reds, and **the enthusiasm shown for their cause there is the best possible proof of where the true sympathies of the Spanish people lie.**

The unfortunate populations of cities like Madrid and Malaga are forced to hide their feelings by fear of the scum of the population. These have been armed and given full liberty to kill, torture, outrage, and rob at will. Death threatens every man, and violation every woman. This savagery is probably the greatest crime in history. Even Nero never perpetrated such acts as these.

Crimes Defended

But for the courage and energy of General Franco, the anti-Christian tyranny of the Soviets would by now have been established in Spain as well as Russia.

Such a development would doubtless have been welcomed by our Left-Wing Press. Cringing and cowardly where the defence of British interests is concerned, these newspapers are ready with smug excuses for Bolshevik blackguardism.

The leading one among them went so far last week as to excuse the savage massacres of Spanish priests by asserting that "many Catholic leaders in Spain have placed themselves in open political alliance with the anti-democratic extremists of the Right."

"Catholic priests," it cynically and falsely declared, "have been killed not because they were Catholic priests but because they were in the rebel service."

Even this organ of the Reds, however, is unable to invent a valid reason for the public outraging of nuns by its Spanish Bolshevik friends.

It is from a bloodthirsty and brutal rabble making war on God and man that the Spanish Nationalists are saving Spain. They deserve the heartfelt sympathy of every man and woman in this country for whom the ideals of religion, patriotism, and decency have any meaning.

The

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IN
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*Written Only for Men and Women Who
Love Their Country*

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

HOME AFFAIRS

Army's Decrepit Tanks

Grave weaknesses in the Army's equipment as revealed in recent exercises are discussed below by our Military Correspondent, who mentions in particular the decrepit condition of some of the medium tanks.

This year's training season now drawing to its close compels certain reflections.

I have seen all branches of the Army at work and have been impressed by the enthusiasm and cheerfulness of all ranks, even in conditions not calculated to engender good spirits. But it would be a misreading of facts to suggest that all is well.

What is the policy of the War Office? That is the question with which I have been confronted. It is dictated by a feeling of uneasiness not readily dispersed.

Units are dangerously weak in personnel. Equipment in some of them is obsolete or obsolescent. Replacements promised have not materialised. Formations have been deprived of man-power and essential material to meet the exigencies of unexpected situations. Approved schemes of reorganisation are in a state of suspension and improvisatory measures are deplorably inadequate to provide the best tactical training for regimental officers.

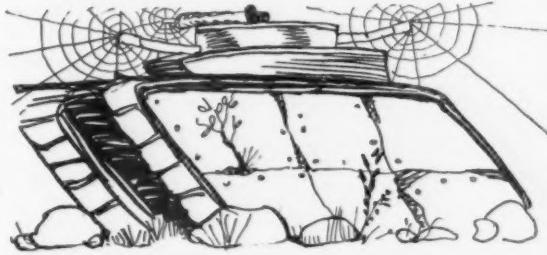
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Years of Neglect

As for the higher command, in their strategical conceptions they have to stock their minds with imaginative pictures which must necessarily contribute to false conclusions and deprive the exercises of much of their value. This unfortunate

catalogue of delinquencies is not the product of a day. It has grown out of years of neglect.

A year ago I called attention to the state of the Army. To-day the position is more serious. Where does the responsibility rest? Not wholly with the Army Council. The members of that body are not ignorant of the Army's weakness. Were they to resign in a body as a protest against the non-acceptance of their advice something of a concrete character would result.



Perhaps the most conspicuous example of failure to maintain our standard of superiority is to be found in the Tank Brigade. This country initiated this armoured branch of the Service, and since the War had developed it until complete superiority was obtained over all other countries. We seem to have reached the height of our ambition when the Tank Brigade was formed. When it came to replacing a worn-out and consequently quite unreliable machine with a more powerful and serviceable one the public purse was closed.

**

Tank Gamble

From that time the Royal Tank Corps, the most powerful component part of the Army machine,

and the only one combining fire with movement and offering protection for the crews, has been neglected. Tanks do not live for ever.

The "mediums" are now so decrepit that if their rendezvous is some little distance from camp it is uncertain how many will arrive without mishap.

The completion of the return journey is a correspondingly greater gamble. It is surprising if, when the roll is called, one or two have not been delayed by some form of "lameness."

**

No Infantry Tanks

The Tank Brigade is primarily intended to do the work formerly done by the higher formations of cavalry. It is not intended to be dispersed for employment with infantry. The infantry (or Army) Tank was to have been specially designed for that duty. But the Infantry Tank is conspicuous by its absence. The proposed mobile division, too, has apparently fallen temporarily into the background, and it is rumoured that the reorganisation of infantry brigades into three rifle battalions and a machine-gun battalion has been brought under consideration again.

Morning Post.

**

Wants Immigrants

Said Lord Gowrie, Governor-General of Australia: "Australians will live in a fool's paradise as long as the population problem is unsolved. The very existence of Australia depends on a larger population and Anglo-Australian co-operation is an urgent necessity."

Daily Express.

Why not invite Italians?

**

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The War in Spain

The long and able report in the *Observer* of the correspondent who predicted a certain victory for the Nationalists in Spain, after a tour through their areas of occupation, was flanked by a despatch out of Madrid which deserved equal attention. London was brusquely reminded that "in the event of the triumph of the Republican and Left Wing forces, friendship with Britain is an assured fact. But, in the case of the triumph of the Generals, then a very different situation might arise. . . .

"It is to be hoped that in no circumstances will the outcome of the issue here be such as to give a second blow to British interests in the Mediterranean. One would like to be sure that British statesmen are sufficiently awake to the danger of the British Empire receiving a second setback in the Mediterranean before the year ends."

The concluding sentence is something like an admission of impending defeat, but it also shows that Madrid has been disappointed in its expectations of British assistance.

**

City Interests

That is important. From the days when Palmerston, with Lombard Street, gathered the fruits of the battle of Waterloo and exported the World Revolution of Liberalism across Europe, until the close of that period of history with the defeat of the League of Nations, the interests of the City would always have demanded an active policy towards the Spanish conflict.

But the World Revolution has now taken a sharper turn. Madrid is logical enough in identifying British interests (of the Palmerstonian century) with its own cause; but the Constitutional façade has already crumbled, and even the Palmerston of to-day does not quite dare to identify British interests with the Spanish Reds.

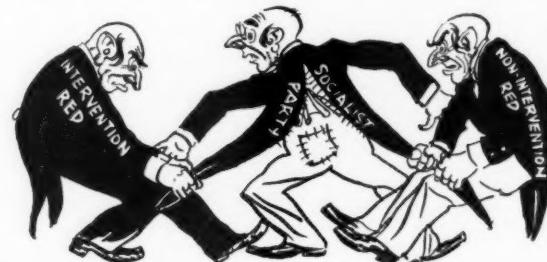
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Damaging Truths

A new chapter of nationalism has opened. Despite brave attempts to paint the Madrid régime in its best colours—attempts which show that the Press and the academies are essentially propagandist—it has been impossible to disguise a persecution and a reign of terror.

The truth that is out is therefore very damaging for the vocal Left Wing, especially when the Spanish revelations coincide with the upheavals in Russia.

While the mass of the people in this country are holding off from political demonstrations, the Left



Wing politicians are gravely split between interventionists and non-interventionists, apostles and opponents of affiliation with the Communists, critics and defenders of actual social conditions in Russia, not to mention Trotskyites and Stalinists.

The Right Wing is actually quite as confused, for the convictions shared by both wings of the Party System included a support of City policies (which passed under the name of British interests), an abhorrence of autocrats, and the maintenance of the strategic routes.

At present the City's policies are being shredded to pieces; it is necessary to accept the autocrats; and the route to the Far East cannot be protected. Yet the Right Wing, more or less identified with

the Conservatives, is coming into a much stronger position than the Left just because it has kept extraordinarily quiet over Spain.

GREGORY MACDONALD in *G. K.'s Weekly*.

**

How to Rule Spain

The side that wins Spain, whichever it be, will be successful in establishing a stable government only if it takes into account the proprietary instinct of the Spanish people and acts upon it. The immediate task of producing order out of the chaos of civil war will necessitate a firm hand, but firmness alone will not be enough: the nature of a people must be satisfied if it is to continue to live at peace, and the Spaniard is by nature neither capitalistic or communist.

G.K.'s Weekly.

**

United Germany

I went to Germany because I had long had a suspicion that Germany was not getting a fair deal in the British Press. That all the propaganda was one-sided. That all the fine things in the Nazi régime were being forgotten and all the bad things caricatured.

After a month of intensive research this suspicion strengthened to a definite conviction.

And when I say intensive research I do not mean drifting into Hitler's office and listening to a conventional speech.

I mean mixing with people of all classes, speaking their language, sharing their meals. Not only with Nazis, but with Communists, Jews, and sworn opponents of the régime.

The net result may be summed up by generalisations, which we will start to explain in colour and detail next week:

Firstly, very few people in this country have the faintest conception of the strength of the new Germany.

I do not mean the military strength, but the moral strength. Here is a nation united as no nation has ever been united before.

**

We Made Hitler

Some British newspapers hint at underground revolt among the German people, at smouldering fires of discontent. Do not believe those hints. The unity of Germany would be terrifying if she were seeking war.

That brings me to the second generalisation, which is that Germany is *not* seeking war. We may force her to seek it, true. After all, it was we who made Hitler.

If it had not been for the cheating of the Allies for 15 years after the war there would never have been a Hitler.

Taught To Be Friends Of Britain

You have probably been reading things in the newspapers which will make these remarks sound like sheer madness. . . or a complete betrayal of every principle I have ever advocated.

I cannot help it. There is so much in the new Germany that is beautiful, so much that is fine and great. And all the time in this country we are being trained to believe that the Germans are a nation of wild beasts who vary their time between roasting Jews and teaching babies to present arms.

It simply is not true.

Mind you, the Germans themselves are partly responsible for this illusion. They are not a tactful people.

Do you think, by the way, that "tact" is such a very desirable thing in modern Europe? I don't. I prefer truth.

It will be the greatest tragedy of a stricken world if the perpetual nag, nag, nag of the British Press should persuade the British people that the Germans are our enemies, when they are really our friends.

They are *taught* to be our friends in their schools. Did you know that?

They are perpetually having Britain held up to them as an example, in Hitler's own book, "Mein Kampf."

BEVERLEY NICHOLLS in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

Did you know that?

**

Germany and Russia

"We are living again," writes the "National-Zeitung," "at a decisive period of history comparable with the invasions of the Huns into Europe, the Moors into Spain and the Turks into Austria.

"Bolshevik Russia has mobilised because it wants war—the most imperialist war of history. Its allies are the under-men, the criminals of every nation in the world. Its courage means bestiality and the murder of hostages. Its faith means betrayal.

"Are we to wait until the Red beast tears us to pieces? Are we to remain idle until the Red flood engulfs us, until our fathers and our children are murdered and our wives and sisters dishonoured? Shall we speak of 'sacrifices' when by introducing two years' military service the Fuehrer gives us the chance of becoming strong enough to defend ourselves?"

Daily Telegraph.

**

Stalin's Dilemma

"The Soviets are doomed to be strangled in the Japano-German vice unless they provoke soon a west-European war that will free their frontiers and plunge Europe into a quagmire of blood."—M. Pierre Gaxotte (France).

Sunday Pictorial.

The Jellybellies

By C. H.

THÈRE is a Biblical saying: "He that is not for me is against me." It is a good saying, for it conveys advice as well as a warning. Beware, it says, of the mugwumps and pole-squatters, the neutrals who are waiting to see which way the cat jumps. Make up your mind, it also advises us, and stick to it, for the people with strong convictions will always be the masters of those with none.

Whatever may be said about our British Reds—and there is little enough to be said to their credit—they do know where they stand. **THEY ARE FOR RUSSIA AND AGAINST BRITAIN** and they do not care who knows it. They are for atheism and against Christianity and they make no attempt to conceal it. They are for a proletarian dictatorship and against constitutional government and make no bones about it.

But for whom is Mr. Baldwin and for whom is he against? What does he stand for and what does he oppose? A cynical but veracious biography of our Prime Minister by Mr. Bechofer Roberts was recently published. You can read it from cover to cover without finding a single conviction that Mr. Baldwin has not been prepared to sacrifice or a single issue on which he has not been prepared, if occasion arose, to hedge.

OUR SUPER-BUMBLER

He has assured us time and again, has our super-bumbler, that he never wished to go into politics. **NEITHER DID HE, IT IS CLEAR, WISH TO STAY OUT!** He never wanted to go into business but he did, and lucky he was that the war came along and saved the business for him so that he could still get out of it a rich man. He has assured us on innumerable occasions—*ad nauseam*, in fact, that he is a plain blunt Englishman who never let down a pal. He is nothing of the kind, for he is half Scotch with a dash of Welsh, and he certainly let his pals down when the Coalition Government broke up and he agreed to call a huge Conservative majority "National" and to serve under a Socialist. He certainly let down Sir Samuel Hoare at the time of the Hoare-Laval agreement in order to placate the League of Nations and anti-authoritarian fanatics.

Stanley Baldwin is probably reasonably honest as politicians go. His damned vacillating state is not due to shiftiness, but to weakness of intellect. Like that other tardigrade, the bear, he blunders amiably and insignificantly through life but is capable of quick and intelligent decisions when his skin is in danger. Unfortunately those decisions, though they have helped his own political advancement, have never been taken when the interests of his country were in the balance. Then he has been content to blunder. If it has ever

been possible to draw a conclusion from Mr. Baldwin's bumbling, it is that he is a Conservative by heredity and accident, a Socialist at heart and a jellybelly by temperament.

And what of our Ramsay? Of him it is enough to say that once—when he was Lenin-conscious and wanted to set up soldiers' and workers' councils—he knew his mind and it was a Communist mind. He may have that mind still—he has never repudiated it—but since the day when he became head of the National Government he has never, even in his least unintelligible moments, given any indication of having any fixed principles, ideas, policies, aims or convictions. Like that fabled insect that basks in the warmth created by the vibration of its own wings, he has been content to sit back and sun his ego in the rays of its own esteem.

EDEN AND THE LEAGUE

And what of Mr. Anthony Eden whom it would perhaps be unfair to judge by his capacity for contracting infantile ailments? Is he a young man of strong convictions, who knows his own mind and sticks to it? In a sense, yes, but the thing that is in his mind, unfortunately, is the League of Nations. Because a man cannot serve two masters, and because he that is for the League of Nations is against his own country, Mr. Eden must share with our Reds the virtue of knowing in which direction he wants to go and the vice of wanting to go dead against the interests of his own country.

If it were only the politicians of this country that were timid neutrals and jellybellies, the situation would be less desperate. The plain truth is that the whole Tory Party has caught the jellybelly habit. There was a letter in *The Times* the other day from some military man who said that it was absurd to call the Spanish anti-Reds "patriots," because they were using Moorish troops and that it was proper to call them rebels because they were fighting the "established Government."

In another part of the same issue of *The Times* was an account by an American journalist of a visit to a Red battleship whose crew—as evil looking a lot of cut-throats as he ever wished to see—vied with one another in taking the credit for having murdered their officers and formed a "Soviet" to run the ship. That was merely one of a hundred concrete proofs that the "established Government" of Spain was a farce, but this vocal warrior could not see it. Perhaps they are not very bright at the Cavalry Club, but the replacement of the Socialist "Prime Minister" of Red Spain by a real Red terrorist should open their eyes.

What was more alarming about this letter to *The*

Times was the writer's ingenuous argument that you might as well apply the word "patriots" to a handful of disgruntled officers who led a squadron of Indian cavalry or a battalion of the King's African Rifles against the British Government. The man could not apparently see that it would not matter twopence whether the troops were black, white or green, that the patriotism or otherwise of the revolting officers would depend upon what the British Government, against which they were revolting, was up to.

If it were dominated by Red assassins sworn to destroy liberty and order, if it were standing by powerless or approvingly while the scum of the cities burned churches and slew priests—let us not forget that 60 Spanish churches had been burned before a single insurgent shot was fired—and if it were neither capable of keeping nor willing to keep the country out of the hands of Communists

and Anarchists, then any soldiers who risked their lives to overthrow such a British Government would be patriots, whether the men who followed them were Lifeguards or Hottentots. Surely the members of the Cavalry Club should be the last persons to have doubts on that score. They would have no doubts if it were not that the whole country is being infected with the jellybelly mind. A nincompoop Government is producing a nincompoop country, and *The Times*, the high priest of nincompoopery, is the dispenser-in-chief of the virus.

The plain truth is that the Spanish anti-Reds are patriots since they are trying to save their country from Communism, Anarchy and Syndicalism, that any Briton who is not for them is against them and for Communism, Anarchy and Syndicalism, whether he is a member of the Cavalry Club, a Clydeside riveter or an East End Jew.

CENSORED

By Hamadryad

(Being some lines suggested by the demand of Mr. Alan Findlay, President of the T.U.C. for a Press censorship.)

The art of censoring the Press
Affords the T.U.C. no puzzle;
Some organs—which, you'll quickly guess—
Will still appear. The rest they'll muzzle.
Only one set of views (their own)
Will see the light of publication,
And since no others will be known,
We'll soon be a united nation.

No more will harsh disputes be heard,
With neighbour contradicting neighbour;
No more its rivals, undeterred,
Will kick the sacred pants of Labour.
None will have leave to write or speak
Who wields the tongue of Tory schism,
Or recreantly joys to tweak
The tender nose of Socialism.

Well drilled, the nation will forget
The feuds that this or 'tother Front stir,
One saying Stalin is a pet,
The other a disgusting monster.
Down on each Tory rag will crack
A heavier brick than e'er was hove yet,
That dares to answer Bolsheviks back,
Or write unkindly of a Soviet.

How otherwise it is to-day,
With brother contradicting brother,
Stout fellow's thinking Labour's way
And Capitalist scum the other;
With some so lost to shame, so free
From all restraint, so full of error,
That they accuse the T.U.C.
Of swallowing Stalin's Reign of Terror.

Compare the *Herald* and the *Mail*,
The former dignified, veracious,
That never stoops to pitch the tale,
Or has recourse to arts mendacious.
The path of truth it ne'er forsakes,
And scorns of facts to be a burker,
Being the organ labour takes,
Though some prefer the *Daily Worker*.

Compare the *Mail*. What lies it runs!
Our Spanish Reds how it besmirches!
Saying they murder priests and nuns,
And burn and pillage Christian churches.
As though an "established Government"
(*Vide The Times*) would hold such orgies!
A paper surely should be shent,
That such base tarradiddles forges!

If they were truthful they would say
That Spanish Reds make war in mittens;
(Catholics aren't Christians anyway,
According to some honest Britons)
'Tis but the dirty Fascist crowd
Whose hearts are black, whose hands are bloody;
Then why should papers be allowed
To make the wells of truth so muddy?

Rather we'll praise the T.U.C.,
Foe of capitalist marauders,
Which ne'er with murder will agree,
Except when done by Moscow's orders;
Which thinks no Reds can ever slip,
Or publish news that needs denying,
And wants a Soviet censorship
To keep all other folk from lying.

Sealed Lips that Must be F

THOSE who care for the future of Britain should mark well what is happening in France.

M. Blum, the Jewish Premier, having pleaded with the other Powers to agree to a Pact of Non-intervention in Spain finds himself defied by M. Torres, the leader of the Communists.

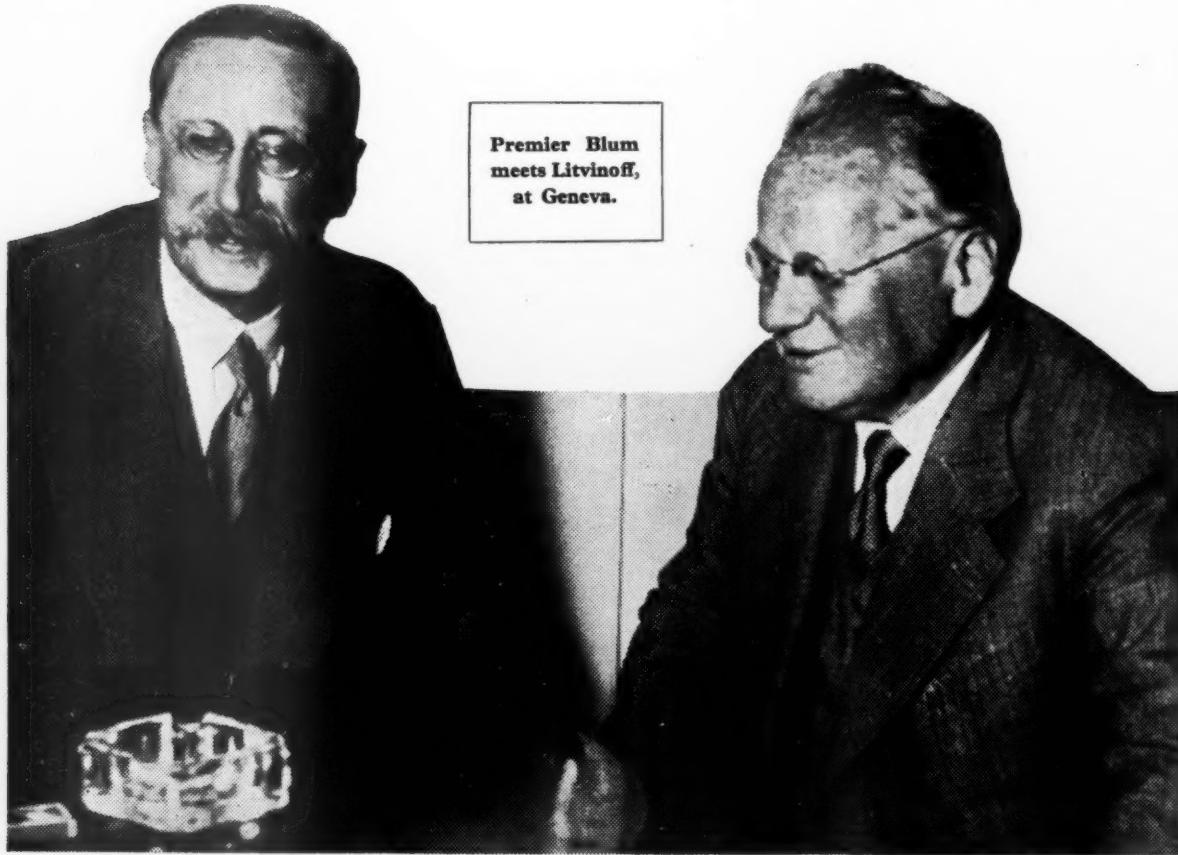
It is evident that he can no more control the Left Wing that placed him in office than Frankenstein could control the Monster.

When Hitler in Germany and Mussolini in Italy saw their own nations all but engulfed by Communism these two men stepped in and stopped the plague from spreading.

To-day Communism in those countries is dead.

What is the position in Britain?

We have a Premier who has pandered to the Left Wing because behind him stood "my friend" Ramsay MacDonald, the avowed friend of



WHETHER BLUM LIKES IT OR NOT THE REDS OF FRANCE ARE DETERMINED TO AID THE REDS OF SPAIN. THIS THEY DO BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE SAME PAYMASTER. BOTH THE REDS OF SPAIN AND THE REDS OF FRANCE DANCE TO THE PIPING OF FINKELSTEIN—BETTER KNOWN BY HIS ALIAS OF LITVINOFF.

If the Reds of France break the Pact of non-intervention it is as certain as that day follows night that Herr Hitler will intervene in much more decisive form on behalf of the Patriots.

And Herr Hitler will be right.

Bolshevism, the man who tried to Bolshevise the Army when the war was on.

AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE WE HAVE MR. EDEN, WHO OWED HIS PROMOTION TO RUSSIAN MAC. AND WHO HAS MADE A CULT OF LITVINOFF'S DIPLOMATIC FRIENDSHIP.

If Germany and Italy find it necessary to intervene in Spain it is vital that Britain—always the object of Red hatred—should stand on the side of those who will have no truck with Moscow.

MacDonald, Baldwin and Eden have betrayed this nation. They left it disarmed when Europe was growing into one vast military aerodrome.

Reforced Open

By . . .
"HISTORICUS"

They gave away India. They gave away Egypt. They antagonised one of our oldest friends—Italy.

Between them they have reduced our diplomatic prestige to nothing, and made the name of Britain a laughing stock among the nations.

If at the moment of choice between Order and Disruption, between Christianity and Communism, they drag Britain to the side of Red Russia, we, too, shall become the target of attack for the Fascist States, who will rightly say that he who is not with them is against them.

And by the pacifism of MacDonald and the shortsighted indifference of Baldwin, we cannot survive participation in another world war.

WE ARE SEVENTH IN AIR POWER. OUR GREAT CITIES AND PORTS ARE NOT EQUIPPED FOR DEFENCE. OUR FOOD SUPPLIES ARE NOT ORGANISED AND WITHOUT DEFENCE. MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN COULD BE GASSED INTO DEATH OR BOMBED INTO STARVATION IN A FEW HOURS.

LADY HOUSTON'S OFFER

When Lady Houston, with her acute political vision, offered to provide defences for the Capital City, her offer was rudely rejected. Instead of being hailed as a great patriotic offer, it was treated as something foolish and even blameworthy.

The result is that to-day we cannot live with any assurance that at any moment we may not become the target for the most deadly rain of projectiles that science can conceive.

There is sometimes a cause for the upholding of which destruction is worth inviting—**BUT THAT CAUSE IS NOT THE UPHOLDING OF BOLSHEVISM.**

If London, Southampton, Liverpool, Hull and the great inland cities are to go up in flames and their peoples are to be plunged into a physical hell, let it not be for the sake of the Red Flag of Russia under which rapine and murder have flourished.

The people of this country want what the people of Italy and Germany have been given—purity of race, purity of ideals, and a continuance of their great traditions. The foe of these things is the Power that murdered the Tsar and his family, that shot down and tortured hundreds of thousands of innocent men and women to give a cruel governing junta its present power in Moscow.

Any statesman who links the British people to



OLD SEALED LIPS

(Reprinted from Low's cartoon in the "Evening Standard".)

the Russian horror will invite immediate retribution from the strong air forces of Bolshevism's enemies—and the tragedy will be that Britain will perish for a cause which her people loath.

Britain and France tread dangerously parallel paths. In Paris there is a Premier who is the puppet of Russia's agents. In Britain there is a Premier who allows his Foreign Secretary to coquette with Russia's most wily Minister of State, the Jew Finkelstein, alias Litvinoff.

Between the quiet control through tools and dupes and the open direction of Britain's foreign policy by Moscow, the step is short.

ENGLISHMEN, PROTEST!

It is necessary for the safety of the people that Baldwin and Eden should come out into the open and say why their policy has taken its present shape and what it is going to be when the great division between Reds and Anti-Reds passes from the sphere of thought to the sphere of action.

To this end those who love Britain should not cease from pressing upon these shut-mouthed Ministers protest after protest and demand after demand.

IF WE ARE TO BE BETRAYED LET NOT HISTORY SAY THAT WE DID NOT CHALLENGE THE TRAITORS. IF WE ARE TO BE CHAINED TO THE CHARIOT OF COMMUNISM, LET NOT HISTORY SAY THAT WE DID NOT SMITE THOSE WHO FORGED THE LINKS UPON US.

A GOVERNMENT OF COWARDS

THE ghastliness of the Spanish Civil War has brought into emergence a new orientation of peoples. It has come home to millions that Communism or Bolshevism spells something so horrible and vile that there can be no possible contact with it. Its deliberate cruelties and atrocities are of a nature which can admit of no compromise or tolerance. It means *une guerre à l'outrance*, a war in which nations before long must participate on one side or the other.

If Bolshevism wins, it portends the destruction of our civilisation, the downfall of what is called capitalism, the overthrow of Christianity and all for what Christ has stood for nearly two thousand years. It means violent upheavals, murder, violation, torture inexpressible, and not merely robbery, but annihilation. It throws to the winds all decency and justice. If these words are exaggerated let any reader call to memory the terrible tortures and atrocities which the Reds in Spain have deliberately employed against their helpless fellow-countrymen and women, and their utter callousness of human life in every possible way. If it be said that the insurgents have shot down their enemies and executed their prisoners, it must be seen that in the face of such barbarities it was the only thing they could do. **They cannot temporise with assassins and it is because the Reds realise that their crimes merit death that they fight so desperately.**

RED RUIN

The atrocities in the Spanish Civil War make it crystal clear that those who appreciate the true meaning of Communism, the enemy of civilisation, must also realise the urgency of its extermination, without which civilisation as we know it will topple over, and we shall be thrown back to an age of savage barbarism, and then over millions of corpses and red ruin perchance, a remnant of life will survive.

Those who recognise its peril will ask quite properly, why should Christian states permit its continuance any longer? It has no motive except destruction, and the negation of every virtue we cherish. Those, in a word, are the views of the Germans to-day, who, prior to Hitler's rise, were almost in its toils. They are the views of Italy, which under Mussolini threw out the Bolshevism inspired by Moscow, and has since risen to heights that have in a few short years given that nation

By KIM

strength and confidence. They are the considered views of Hungary, which had its taste of Bela Kun.

Wherever we look, except in one or two directions, the nations of Europe are armed to the danger—Poland, Greece, Rumania and Turkey among them—and are taking severe steps against every form of Communism. **THERE IS A STIFFENING OF OPINION EVERYWHERE, WITH THE INEVITABLE RESULT THAT BEFORE LONG IT WILL BE THE DIVIDING LINE OF ANTAGONISMS.** The nationalist states will regard the others as public perils which call for extermination, and there can be no compromise.

SEEDS OF REVOLUTION

There can be no denial of the fact that democracy has proved the breeding ground of Communism. On that fertile soil, where the ignorance of the masses and the appeal to cupidity makes so many easy converts to Communism's specious promises, are Communists able to lay the seeds of revolution and destruction. It is often said that Communism can only plant its roots in the misery and oppression of the masses, as was the case in Russia and Spain. This is not true because whatever may be said to the contrary, Trade Unionism in this country is largely captured by the Reds, and is secretly ruled by Communistic-minded bosses, even though Communism is pretended to be exorcised. Now Trade Unionists are the best bait of the industrial classes and their adherence to Communism is not due to oppression or unfairness, for it is commonly admitted that they enjoy privileges known nowhere else in this world.

Yet it must be said that the British Reds stand as a solid block of enmity to the nation. They want to overthrow capitalism, to rob everyone of their rights, and they have thrown their weight in without question always with our enemies. They have supported the Russian murderers and pretend it is democracy. They wanted to force us into a war with Italy because it was Fascist. To-day their proclaimed sympathies are with the Communist ogres of Spain. They have consistently opposed with violence every effort of re-armament and only last week Sir Thomas Inskip made the



Red aeroplanes carried out a raid on Burgos and dropped bombs on the provincial hospital. Four people praying by the side of a wounded relative were killed. The picture shows Patriot soldiers searching amid the wreckage for bodies of victims.

grave revelation that there was a Communist plot "to hamstring the Government in its munition programme." The National Council of Labour call it the demands of Moscow, and they ought to know. In a word, they prove that they want to see the State crushed and all existing institutions overthrown. If they got power in their hands they would no doubt shoot down mercilessly all who did not agree with them.

And where at this juncture does the so-called National Government stand? Before long it will have to make up its mind to take its place on the side of God or Satan, for there can be no temporising. So far as the Spanish war is concerned the Government have preserved an outward semblance of neutrality and have used their best endeavours to get the rest of Europe to toe the line. So far, so good. None the less there have been leanings which point to sympathy with the Communists of Spain. **NOT ONE SINGLE MINISTER HAS RAISED HIS VOICE IN PROTEST AGAINST THE ATROCITIES PERPETRATED BY THE GOVERNMENT UPON HELPLESS PRIESTS AND NUNS AND OTHERS.** The B.B.C. persists in calling the Spanish patriots the "rebels" and the Communists the "loyalists," and in this false attitude they have been supported by most of the Government Press and by the Socialist newspapers.

Only the other day Herr Kircher, the German unofficial mouthpiece, in an inspired article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, put in a strong plea for an Anglo-French-German entente. The Germans want to be friendly to us and to link arms with us. Not so many moons ago Herr Hitler offered

Europe a twenty-five years peace, but instead of taking it up Great Britain slunk away as though it were a time-fuse bomb. **THE OFFER STILL STANDS.**

The trouble always with our Government is cowardice. It is seen in Palestine, in Egypt, in India, in fact everywhere, and in no part more so than at home. The Government could conclude a *pax* with Germany which would assure the safety of Europe from war for an indefinite period if it had the courage to face facts. There would be one condition to us and to France as well. Neither country must truckle to Communism. If we want to be friendly with Germany and to come to a complete understanding it can be arranged, as to which Herr Hitler has given many proofs, not the least being the appointment of Herr Ribbentrop to the Embassy in London.

But we cannot have a foot in either camp and the continued feebleness of the Government towards Communism, which grows a greater menace day by day, is the outcome of its cowardice shown in every direction.

When the Government urgently require soldiers—in every National country men would be compelled to give their service—they ask them meekly to join up for a six months trial and promise they shall not be used in any civil dispute—such as a General Strike!

THIS IS TRUCKLING TO THE REDS. THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE GOVERNMENT OF MR. BALDWIN IS RULED BY ITS FEARS AND DARE NOT SHOW STRENGTH.

WHIMPERING WHITEHALL

By Periscope

*"This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper."*

THE words are those of T. S. Elliot's and are taken from his "Hollow Men." They demonstrate with concise force what may be expected when control falls into the hands of men who are hollow and devoid of backbone. Fortunately for the world, a number of men who are strong and anything but hollow have arisen. It is now the British Empire which appears to suffer under a virtual monopoly of hollow men. **And if we are not very careful we shall see the British Empire coming to an end—not in a glorious final bang, but with an ignominious and contemptible whimper.**

Already whimpering appears to occupy most of the time of the Government offices in Whitehall. And nowhere is this more evident than the so-called co-operation between the Foreign Office and the Defence Departments—the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry. For months and even years high-sounding words are bandied about to the effect that the British Empire must go all out for its own security to the exclusion of all else. Yet, so soon as it comes to the point, half-measures and weak-kneed policies prevail.

A NAVAL DISASTER

These are threatening to prove disastrous so far as the British Navy is concerned. And it is this Service which, according to repeated statements by the National Government, is absolutely vital to the continued existence of the British Empire.

Look at the facts. It was a long time ago that the Admiralty succeeded in dinging some idea of the dangers of the situation into the heads of the Cabinet. It was then determined that no effort should be spared to set matters right. There was much whimpering over the disabilities imposed upon our Navy by the Naval Treaty of 1930—that iniquitous triumph of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

People began to look at that Treaty, and the more they looked at it the more convinced they became that the whimpering was, to say the least of it, exaggerated. There was no reason, according to that Treaty, why docks and coast defences should not be modernised, or why large reserves of stores should not be built up against the inevitable expansion of the Navy. **But none of this was done. The terms of the recent supplementary estimates for the Navy have proved it.**

And, while the limitations upon ships imposed by the London Naval Treaty were undoubtedly serious and were jeopardising the security of the Empire, there was a clause which could, if it were used, have made matters very much better. This clause has since become famous under the name of the escalator clause.

For months all the non-whimperers, both in Parliament and elsewhere, pressed the Government to invoke this clause and thus to save many valuable ships from the ship-breakers hands. There was not a shadow of doubt that invocation of the clause was justified.

Yet the National Government, self-sworn to set the Royal Navy to rights with the least possible delay, demurred. Then it was naively announced that the Government proposed to scrap five cruisers before the end of this year. Naturally there was a storm of protest. Had not the Government just announced its grim determination to increase the cruiser forces of the Empire to seventy ships from the fifty ships which they possess **ON PAPER?** And here was a proposal involving further reduction of a type of ship more necessary than any other for the defence of the vital trade routes of the Empire.

Yet the whimperers argued round and round in circles. They read the escalator clause in every language except plain English and swore that, in their reading, they were not justified in invoking the clause in order to save the five cruisers.

What the whimperers did not say was that, while there was no doubt that they would be amply justified if they invoked the clause and so saved five ships for the Navy, they did not wish to take such a step **FOR FEAR OF ANNOYING SOME OTHER NATION.**

THE DESTROYER SCANDAL

Then, as a sop to the angry patriots who found that a Government called National was bent upon preaching security and working for further insecurity, the question of destroyers was brought up. It was announced that "negotiations were in progress with the other Powers signatory to the London Naval Treaty of 1930 with a view to the retention by the British Empire of 40,000 tons of destroyers." These destroyers would normally have to be scrapped before the end of this year under the terms of that Treaty.

Observe the form in which the announcement was made. It reflects the whole policy of the Government. The escalator clause said clearly enough that, if it were decided to invoke the clause, all that was necessary was that an announcement to this effect should be conveyed to the other interested Powers. But Whitehall thought that to make such an announcement—to abide by the Treaty—would be perhaps a little impolite. Surely, they thought, it would be better to ask nicely if anybody would mind.

Naturally the other naval Powers objected to this approach, which was a technical breach of the Treaty. And they determined to make what

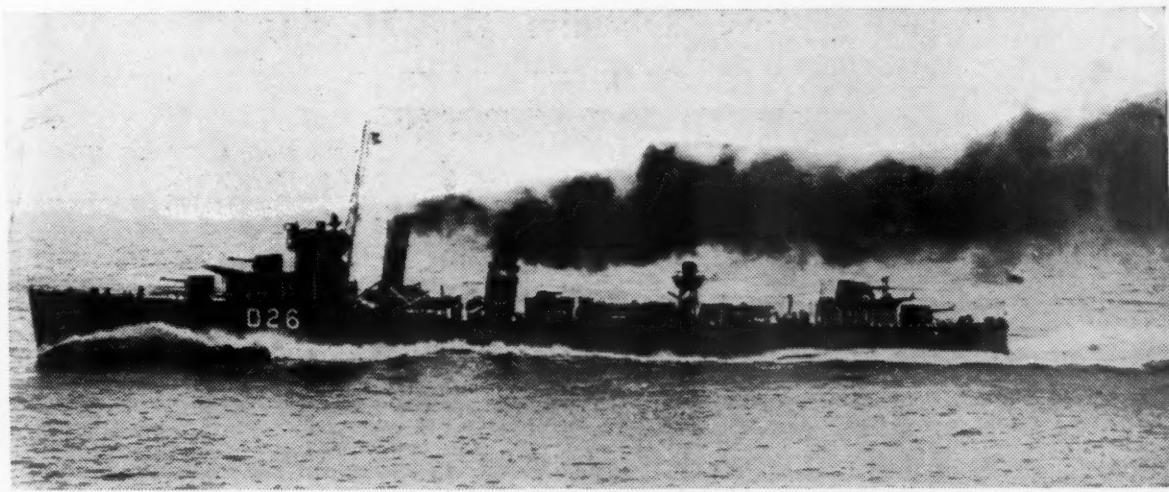
capital they could out of this atrocious blunder on the part of the British Government. America, faced with a presidential election in which the question of armaments was bound to play a large part, seized the opportunity of demonstrating to its people that the blame for any increases in the United States Navy lay in Whitehall. Japan, who did not possess an equivalent tonnage of surplus destroyers to retain, and who wished to strengthen her submarine forces, said that she would have no objection provided she were allowed to retain submarines. What matter if this proposal was a technical breach of the Treaty? **The blame lay in Whitehall for starting the shilly-shallying.**

And so the British Government were faced with a situation which anybody but a short-sighted whimperer could have foreseen. They were cornered now. They would have liked to throw away those 40,000 tons of destroyers so as to avoid any further unpleasantness with Powers which

So we were back where we started from, except that the British Empire had lost prestige.

But worse has followed. The British Government has behaved more like a spoilt child than ever. It has addressed a strong protest to Japan for ever daring to suggest that she should propose what is undoubtedly a technical breach of the Treaty. What on earth the British Government can do beyond protesting nobody can guess. One thing is certain: that nothing on earth can prevent Japan retaining those submarines if she wants to, and puerile protests can only make the British Empire look supremely ridiculous. Prestige will fall still lower, and that in the East, where prestige is the most valuable thing in life.

Nor is this the whole story. To laymen who have not studied the position of our naval defences to-day the retention of 40,000 tons of destroyers sounds a lot. It almost looks as if we were already secure. But the true facts of the case are that the retention of these destroyers is a half measure.



A destroyer at sea during manoeuvres. Under the terms of the iniquitous London Naval Treaty, 40,000 tons of destroyers would have to be scrapped before the end of this year.

knew their own minds. But to do so would assuredly have cost them their office.

They chose the lesser of two evils. Political capital could be made at home. It should be made. The Government, having been rebuffed, decided to fall back upon the escalator clause itself and give notice to the other Powers of their intention to invoke it as regards 40,000 tons of destroyers.

Both America and Japan reacted as might have been expected. America took her stand on the exact wording of the Treaty. If the British Empire kept on 40,000 tons of destroyers, she was entitled also to keep on 40,000 tons of destroyers, and she would do so. Japan still wanted to keep on submarines, and she gave notice that since the invocation of the escalator clause entitled her to keep on 28,000 tons of surplus destroyers, and she had not sufficient destroyers to make up this tonnage, she proposed to make up the difference by keeping on submarines. She would retain 11,059 tons of destroyers and 15,598 tons of submarines.

There was no earthly reason why the whole of our surplus destroyers, amounting to more than 60,000 tons, should not have been retained. And there is no reason why those five cruisers should not have been retained. More than twenty more ships might have been saved. What those ships might have meant in emergency can be gauged by those who remember 1916, when we were within three weeks of starvation **because we did not possess sufficient ships to institute an immediate and efficient convoy system for our overseas trade.**

What is to be the next move in this tragedy? Unless the British people wake up and let the Government know that they will stand no more nonsense in this matter of security, these ships will certainly be scrapped. And what is perhaps even worse, the Government will continue to lose respect and friends abroad by alternately whimpering and rushing into the tantrums of cowardice.

Is it a jest of the gods that the chicken-hearted should be afflicted with chicken-pox?

ITALY LOOKS AT SPAIN

SINCE the end of the Abyssinian war Italian public opinion has turned its attention once more to European affairs—the watchdogs of the Government had never lost sight of them, even during the war. Signor Mussolini undoubtedly scored a success by his encouragement of the Austro-German understanding, which I dealt with in a previous article, inasmuch as it removed one more element of anxiety from the international scene, at least for the present. Now the chief point of interest—and of anxiety—is the Spanish civil, or rather most uncivil, war. But on this question the French and the British attitudes are

Commendatore
By LUIGI VILLARI

the Madrid Government to help it crush the anti-Red rising, by order of the French Government, even when the French local authorities hesitate about issuing the necessary permits. Communist bands are allowed to travel from Catalonia to

Did Moscow Subsidise This Meeting?



Although the Government favours non-intervention in the Spanish trouble, it permits demonstrations in favour of the Reds. Over £500 was collected in fifteen minutes for the Spanish Communists at this Trafalgar-square meeting on Sunday. WHERE DID THE MONEY COME FROM?

very puzzling to Italians and perhaps indeed to others too.

In France we see a Government proposing an international agreement to abstain from any sort of intervention on either side in this struggle, and that same Government, or those who control it, permitting the most unblushing intervention on the side of one of the parties.

Aeroplanes, guns, and ammunition in large quantities are being openly sent from France to

strengthen the garrisons of the Basque coast towns, still held by the Government forces, via French territory, and French Communist volunteers are even permitted to enter Spain for service under the Red Government. **OPEN SUPPORT AND OPEN INTERVENTION, WITH NO NON-SENSE ABOUT NON-INTERVENTION PACTS, WOULD PERHAPS BE MORE CONSISTENT AND EVEN MORE SINCERE.**

In Great Britain, although the Government appears to be really neutral and opposed to assistance for either side, public opinion seems to be in a strangely bemused condition. One section of it does sympathise with the Spanish Nationalists in their desperate struggle to save Spain from complete disaster, another section waxes enthusiastic about the merits of the "legitimate" Madrid administration and speaks of it as if it were a democratic Government freely elected by the free vote of the Spanish nation, and tends to compare Señor Azaña and whoever happens to be the Prime Minister to-day (that office has been held by three successive statesmen with 24 hours) with the late Mr. Gladstone!

It is significant that those who sympathise with the Spanish Reds—who burn down churches and convents, indulge in wholesale massacres, submit their prisoners to unspeakable tortures, and roast priests alive—or who at all events regard their actions as venial offences of exuberant children on whom one must not be too hard, are the same who condone the atrocities of Bolshevik Russia.

MASSACRES AND ATROCITIES IN SPAIN OR RUSSIA ARE REGARDED BY THESE KINDLY SOULS IN THE SAME WAY AS THE FATHER CONFESSOR TREATED THE MISDEEDS OF "GENTLE ALICE BROWN" IN GILBERT'S IMMORTAL POEM—AS "LITTLE GIRLISH TRICKS."

ALWAYS TO BLAME !

Yet these are also the very same people who only a few weeks ago were inveighing against Italy's alleged misdeeds in Abyssinia and who were working day and night inventing Italian "atrocities" against the dear, kind, innocent Abyssinians (the Abyssinians tortured their prisoners, and they even went in for slave-raiding, but then boys will be boys). And they are the same people who hold up their hands in horror if an anti-Fascist plotter in Italy is interned for a few months at Capri or Forte dei Marmi, or if a man is condemned to death for murder, provided the victim is a mere Fascist.

The Reds, whether in Spain or Russia, and blacks in Africa, may murder their thousands and their tens of thousands, or even their millions, with impunity, and are even patted on their back for their gallantry. But if an anti-Red dares to lift a finger, in the defence of law and order, against one who is Red inside or black outside, oh Lord, how can this dreadful wickedness be tolerated !

The internal affairs of Spain are of course the concern of the Spaniards alone, and if the present struggle were one between two rival political parties, it might well be ignored by all foreigners. This was the case with the Carlist wars in the past, which did not concern anyone outside Spain.

But can people in Italy, or indeed in Great Britain or any other civilised country, afford to be indifferent about the present struggle? It is a



Not only are the French Communists subsidising their Spanish "comrades," as this street collection shows, but aeroplanes, guns and ammunition are being openly sent to Spain from red France.

fight to the death between two diametrically opposed conceptions of life, religion, and morals, and if those who stand for all that we Western Europeans hold dearest are crushed and destroyed—for a Red victory will mean not merely the defeat but the complete annihilation of the other side—will it have no effect on us?

We all know what happened outside Russia after the Bolshevik had triumphed in Russia in 1917. That triumph had disastrous reactions in almost every country in the world; in Italy it resulted in a terrible struggle in 1919-22, which fortunately ended in the defeat of the Beast, but not until many innocent lives had been sacrificed and a vast amount of wealth destroyed.

Hungary was nearly annihilated, Germany, Great Britain, even Switzerland and the United States have all suffered to a greater or less degree in consequence of the triumph of Lenin and Stalin.

ANOTHER BOLSHEVIK VICTORY IN ANOTHER COUNTRY MAY WELL CAUSE GENERAL ALARM.

Italians therefore do not view the course of events with indifference—the memory of what happened in Italy sixteen years ago is too vivid. They hope for the success of the Nationalists, not only out of sympathy with the real Spanish people, but for the sake of every civilised country. That does not mean that they advocate intervention on the side of the Spanish Nationalists. But they strongly deprecate the unblushing support of the Reds which is still going on in many lands and demand that non-intervention should be real and complete and extend to the collecting of funds and organising volunteers for the Reds, spiritually as well as materially, and that no encouragement should be extended to those whose methods of government consist of wholesale assassination and devastation.

England The Unready

By Robert Machray

IN last week's *Saturday Review* an article entitled "Europe Under Arms," urgently called attention to the enormous increases of armaments which are the salient feature of the situation on the Continent to-day. No doubt, the fear of war is in the air, and the point was made that in view of the position armaments are another name for preparedness. The question was asked whether England was prepared against eventualities and ready to meet every danger, and the answer was that she was unprepared and unready. It is indeed a matter of common knowledge, just as is the way in which it has come about—the strange lack of common sense, to say nothing of vision, on the part of the Government.

However, it was scarcely to be supposed that almost immediately after that article was written the course of events would demonstrate how unprepared and unready England really was, or rather is. And this not in some big affair involving the clash of the great Powers, but in a relatively minor matter—the trouble in Palestine caused by the antagonism of the Arabs and the Jews. The trouble is not new, for it has been going on for years, but some four months ago it took on fresh life, and gradually assumed a more and more serious character. Troops were sent into the Holy Land to maintain order, but without success; additional troops were dispatched, but they, too, proved insufficient; and the trouble became worse.

OUR HOLD ON PALESTINE

It was evident that larger forces were necessary. Neither with the problem of the two races in Palestine, nor with the projects for its solution, is the present article concerned. Of course, the country must be governed, and as things stand its government is England's business—and this all the more because, with the certain weakening of our position in Egypt owing to the new treaty with her, the strengthening of our hold on Palestine is of absolutely essential importance. It is imperative, in fact, that adequate forces shall be concentrated in that region. But first they have to be got together here at home, and this turns out to be an incredibly difficult job, all too eloquent of the unpreparedness and unreadiness of England.

Judged by Continental standards, and soon or late we shall unquestionably have to make our account with them, the new expeditionary force for service in Palestine is almost absurdly small. Yet to get the men required for it, the autumn manoeuvres had incontinently to be abandoned, and reservists called up to fill the frightful gaps in our depleted regiments. In a general way everybody in these islands knows that our Army is much under strength; but unfortunately not everybody realises just what that means. It is to be hoped that what has occurred in connection with raising this force for Palestine may open many eyes to the

truly appalling military weakness of this country. It is not reassuring, however, to find very little comment on it in our newspapers; have they been told to be silent on the subject?

Of one thing we may be perfectly sure, and this is that all the other Great Powers are closely observing and noting what steps England has had to take respecting this force. Already fallen low, the prestige of England will hardly be enhanced by those proceedings. The other Great Powers keep themselves well-informed about our military apparatus, but they will now have a fresh proof of how small is its value, and will assuredly govern themselves accordingly. In high politics the general situation continues to be extremely difficult and perilous. To add to its danger there is now superimposed on the ambitions, jealousies and antipathies of individual States or groups of States the profound antagonism that exists between Fascism and Bolshevism.

FRANCE AND SPAIN

It is this antagonism that is now being felt more than anything else, and of that antagonism the sanguinary struggle in Spain is at the moment the most striking and lamentable illustration. The existing Government is now headed by Caballero, who has been called the Lenin of Spain, and is plain, out-and-out, Red. His predecessor Giralt was Pink, and his disappearance from the Premiership implies the victory of the darker and much more virulent colour in Madrid. M. Blum is still determined on non-intervention, but it may be expected that the schism in the Front Populaire will widen under the attacks of the French friends of Caballero, and the not impossible result be the fall of the Blum Government—not in the circumstances of the hour a heartening prospect.

Meanwhile the Committee for the organisation of European non-intervention in Spain has come into existence. All the countries concerned have agreed to be represented, though some with reservations, which Caballero's Premiership may make more pronounced. The fighting goes on, and the issue is still doubtful, though the anti-Reds appear to be gaining on balance at present. The country affected by the conflict most directly is Portugal; she dreads a Red Spain, as well she may, particularly as under Salazar, her Dictator, she has become quite a prosperous country. If the Reds should look like winning in Spain, it will be difficult for her to be non-interventionist.

In conclusion it may be emphasised that England has no idea of intervening in Spain—or anywhere else in Europe. If she finds it a hard matter to get together a very small force of 12,000 for Palestine, how can she undertake a large operation? This is the pass to which our fooling Government has brought us. How are the mighty fallen! Isn't conscription clearly indicated?

How Bolshevism Has Spread

By Meriel Buchanan

IN his recent visit to Paris Dr. Schacht spoke of the increasing danger of Bolshevism.

"The greatest factor of disturbance to-day," he said, "is the Communist propaganda going on through the world. We have seen with horror its effects in Spain."

Let France beware that those horrors are not repeated and perhaps intensified within her own boundaries. She has drifted perilously during the last year, she has allowed alien agitators to throng her cities, and incite her workmen to strikes and unrest, she has allowed the poison to sink deep into the minds of her people and infest her sea-boards and factories. Strasbourg has become an important centre of the Comintern where both French and German Communists are intriguing

unhappy country; such things might happen, of course, in Russia, but they would not, could not, happen anywhere else.

In 1918 the people of Russia were cowed and terrorised by the marauding bands of the Cheka, and by the Red workmen who had been armed by Trotsky, and whose ruthless savagery is akin to the workers' army in Spain to-day, but they were not disciplined.

The aid of collective action by the Powers and the White Armies, which were then still in existence, could easily have crushed them, could easily have gained control of Petrograd, and once this re-named city was in their hands could have issued an ultimatum to the Kremlin and could have demanded the surrender of Lenin and Trotsky and the other leaders of the Bolshevik Party.

Taken in time a cancerous growth can be removed by the surgeon's knife, and had it been



How the Red Terror began: A scene in Riga, Russia, in 1917, where leading townsfolk were massacred in the prison yard, after being tortured.

to start troubles not only in France, but also in Poland, which is to be antagonised against Germany.

AND SO WHILE SPAIN SUFFERS THE AGONY OF REVOLUTION IN THE LONG DRAWN OUT CIVIL WAR, AND RUSSIA TREMBLES IN THE GRIP OF STALIN'S PERSISTENT RULE OF TERROR, THE KREMLIN PLOTS NEW SCHEMES OF TROUBLE AND UNREST IN EUROPE AND DREAMS OF SPREADING STRIFE, BLOODSHED AND MURDER FROM ONE END OF THE WORLD TO THE OTHER.

England has never really understood the real danger of Bolshevism as it really is. She scoffed at it when it first broke out in Russia; she would not believe that it could ever spread from that

taken in time the power of Bolshevism might have been crushed and annihilated, the millions who have died in Russia, in Hungary, in Germany and in Spain could have been spared, and the millions who may yet be sacrificed to the blood lust of the Bolshevik monster could now look forward to ending their days in peace.

As long as that lurking demon, that conglomeration of all the evils of the world exists, we shall have no security, no abiding peace, and as long as it has control of Russia's wealth and man-power it constitutes a menace, the like of which has never been known.

Is it to be wondered at that Mr. Baldwin is so suspiciously silent these days—that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems to be effacing himself—that Mr. Eden is conveniently sick?

* It may be that this despicable trio is beginning to realise the appalling results of their so-called statesmanship.



DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

The Duchess of and La

(Continued from Front Cover).

This is the letter I allude
to on the cover:

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—Prof. Sarolea refers in his letter to you to a book I wrote in 1931 denouncing conditions in Russia, and accuses me of "changing my opinions" because to-day I believe that Nazi-ism is a greater danger to this country than Bolshevism.

I retract no word of what I wrote in 1931, or have said or written since, in regard to Russian conditions. But surely the Professor cannot be blind to the changes wrought in Germany since 1931 by the advent of a powerful dictatorship and the subsequent immense expenditure on armaments?

An entirely new situation, not dreamed of in 1931, has arisen, and as a member of Parliament I am bound to consider first and foremost how it may affect this country.—Yours faithfully,

KATHARINE ATHOLL.

Dunkeld, Aug. 26.

THE Duchess exhorted me again and again in the columns of the *Morning Post* to keep "both my eyes open" but has she been doing this herself when she only quotes Germany and says nothing about the sweet, tender ways of Soviet Russia since 1931? Is it reasonable for Her Grace to reproach me for a fault of which she herself is guilty in a greater degree?

Does the Duchess know that the papers most in agreement with her are the protagonists of Bolshevism?

My aim in life is to uphold the dignity of England. Can this be done by making a pact with Bolshevism?



The Fr

The following appreciation of La

Permit me, a Russian refu
sincerely for your lette\$ to the

Indeed it is gratifying to n
who, although not having gon
draw comparisons between Na
attempt to place the Nazi mov
the Soviets.

Was there ever so much s
and thousands of innocent Rus
to-do peasants, as about the i
Germany?

of Atholl Lady Houston



The Friends of Law and Order.

precision of Lady Houston's attitude speaks for itself :—

a Russian refugee of German parentage, to thank you most
ur letters to the *Daily Telegraph*.

gratifying to note that there are a few people in this country
not having gone through the Russian Revolution, do not try to
ns between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, and do not
e the Nazi movement on a similar basis as the Red terror of

ever so much said in the Papers about the slaughter of thousands
of innocent Russian people; aristocrats, middle classes and well-
as about the imprisonment of a few undesirable persons in



LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Pacifists overlook the fact that there are still some 600,000 people living in exile in the North Russian marshes and forests, in desolate parts of Siberia and other inaccessible parts of the Soviet territory, and yet a hue and cry is being raised about a few thousand political agitators now in concentration camps in Germany.

So many people deplore the imaginary religious persecution in Germany, strangely omitting to inform the British Public about the ruthless campaign against ANY kind of Religion in the land of the Soviets; a campaign which has been carried on for eighteen or more years.

Those who have gone through the horrors of the Red terror in Russia and who are well acquainted with Russian life have thought that, having attained their aim of exterminating the aristocracy, the middle classes and the better-off peasantry, the Soviet Dictators would relax their persecution mania. They were mistaken.

**There are half a million people still living in
exile in Russia. The majority of these people are
gradually dying from all kinds of privations and
are being used as slaves.**

Unfortunately there are very few of us who are likely to tell the Public about our experiences of all these atrocities and terror, FOR FEAR OF CONSEQUENCES TO THOSE LEFT BEHIND.

Besides, there are very few people indeed who would believe all the gruesome details which can be told, and as to the Press, Russian events are no more news to the general Public. A great country like Russia, ruled with an iron fist by a few unscrupulous people, is the greatest danger to civilisation and to a real pacification of the whole world.

The Duchess of Atholl would be well advised to pay a prolonged visit both to Soviet Russia and to Germany, not confining such a visit to an official sightseeing tour. I am afraid, however, that in Russia she would only be shown what the authorities intend to be seen. X

RACING

The Best Filly in Europe

By David Learmonth

AFTER her performances this year at Ascot and on the Continent, concluding with her victory in the big race at Ostend last Sunday week, Corrida must be considered the best filly in Europe.

In fact, strictly on the form book, the Ostend running makes her out the best racehorse of either sex in training, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, and possibly in America too.

To defeat the Derby second, the Aga Khan's Taj Akbar, by the margin by which Corrida did makes reading which would rouse the most sceptical racegoer to enthusiasm. But there seems to have been a legitimate excuse for Taj Akbar, whose jockey lay so far out of his ground that it may well have been a hopeless task trying to make it up. This was almost certainly not his jockey's intention; for Taj Akbar lost ground at the start, always a tremendous handicap on cramped Continental courses, so that he probably was hampered during a great part of the journey.

Judging by the comments which have been made, however, two important points emerge. One is how far one should rely on book form and how far one should discount it because of what one has been told or what one has seen with one's own eyes. The second is that some people seem incapable of realising that a horse is a good one, no matter how many times it proves itself to be so on the race-course.

A Different Filly

Because Corrida proved disappointing when in England as a three-year-old, many professional judges of racing seem quite unable to realise that she is a very different filly now. In England she had the reputation of not being reliable; but I am beginning to think she could not have been really well during her stay over here.

Often a horse runs in this fashion because it is not right inside, although it may appear to be; then, when it eventually gets right and wins races, showing determination and a fondness for the game, people say its temperament has improved, while in their heart of hearts still secretly distrusting it; whereas really it is its health which has improved. I think this is what happened to this French filly.

One must remember that Corrida's victory at Ostend was not her only one during the season. She proved herself a really good one at Ascot and at Longchamps towards the end of May she ran a real good race, giving weight away to all the field except, so far as I remember, Quai D'Orsay, a handicapper, but a smashing one, who had recently earned a great reputation for himself, and had done great things in the Midi.

Quai D'Orsay ran at Ostend, where he was well beaten by Corrida. Some racing writers over here

who were perturbed because Taj Akbar was so far behind him at one time, contemptuously referred to him as a handicapper; but I do not think they realised what a good one he is at his best.

Still, I think they would be wrong to take the book form blindly, though opinions seem to differ as to whether Taj Akbar could have won with better luck. Certainly it seems that he could have been much nearer to the winner; but what looks like bad luck in running can sometimes force us to dangerous conclusions.

I will give a case in point. I once rode a very lazy horse in a three-mile steeplechase at Gatwick and was beaten two lengths. For a long time I could not get him to go, and after the race I was hauled over the coals and told that I should have won if I had not lain too far out of my ground. I was inclined to think so myself and was rather disconsolate; but, a fortnight later, my mount, ridden by a professional jockey, took on the winner again over the same distance and at the same weights and, to my great delight, was beaten by exactly the same margin, although on this occasion he was taken to the front early on.

The Best Stayer

It is clear, then, that although we would be foolish if we did not turn to account what we see, yet this very evidence can sometimes lead us into trouble. I had a bet on the horse I have mentioned in the second race and, of course, lost my money.

To-day (Friday) we shall probably see my old friend Cecil out at Doncaster. Readers of this page know the opinion I hold of him. I think he is the best stayer we have had for some years, in spite of the way Tiberius beat a Brantôme who was obviously not himself last season.

I do not know Lawson's opinion, which should be interesting as he trained Tiberius and also trains Cecil; but I should imagine he thinks the same. If he does not, then I must have been mistaken in my judgment; for if anyone could know it would be him. Personally, I never had a tremendous opinion of Tiberius, particularly after he only scrambled home for the Goodwood Cup.

Anyhow, what is more important is that Cecil should add another notch to his score to-day. I would like to see him and Omaha take each other on; though, strictly on form, Omaha could have no chance. Such a meeting, however, would settle the controversy as to whether Quashed was still feeling the effects of her race in the Ascot Gold Cup when she was beaten by Cecil at Goodwood.

Still, if Omaha were well beaten, I suppose people would be found to say that he was still suffering from the effects of that race. So where should we be?

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Lord of the Garden

By Dan Russell

TH E gardener was digging up the waste patch behind the potting shed. Slowly and methodically he turned over the heavy, black soil and as he did so the broken sods disclosed wriggling worms which twisted and turned in vain efforts to regain the dark secrecy of the earth.

Suddenly a small bird flew from the bushes and perched on the ground beside the old man. It stood there for a moment with its head on one side and eyed the worms as if choosing the most succulent. It did not display the slightest trace of fear as the gardener ceased his work to watch it. Indeed, it hopped nearer to him as if inviting him to help it in its choice of food.

One particularly fat and juicy worm took its beady eye. Immediately it hopped over the broken earth and seized its victim. The worm did not give in without a struggle. With its head and half its body in the earth it sought to draw the remainder of its body under cover. With legs apart and head drawn back the robin tugged at it. Slowly, slowly the worm was dragged from its sanctuary until at last its whole wriggling length was dangling from the robin's beak. And then it was only a matter of moments before it disappeared for ever.

Cupboard Love

As soon as it had despatched the worm the robin was back for more, for the robins are a greedy race. Most of their so-called trust and confidence in man is due to the fact that they know that where a man is digging they will find food, and their greed overcomes their distrust.

For several minutes the robin stayed with the gardener. Then, his hunger satisfied, he flew off to inspect his domains. Round the garden he flew, poking his inquisitive beak into every nook and corner. This daily inspection of the garden was not purposeless. The robin is of such a jealous nature that he will not tolerate the presence of another of his kind on the property which he regards as his own. Every day he will inspect his little kingdom to make sure that no other robin has intruded.

He found no intruder so he returned to the business of finding food. Disdaining the food on the bird table he flew over to the brick wall where the peaches were growing. Here he made another good meal off several fat spiders. There were several birds in the garden and it was noticeable that they all gave the robin a wide birth. Even the powerful blackbirds and thrushes did not interfere with the redbreast. For his size the robin is one of the most pugnacious of all birds and what he lacks in strength he makes up in fury.

After a while he grew tired of spiders and flew back to the gardener. He perched in an apple



Two young robins who will be doughty warriors in their day.

tree some distance away and groomed himself. But hardly had he begun his toilet than he started up in a rage. His feathers fluffed out around him and he fluttered his wings in frantic fury. There, on the ground beside the gardener, was another robin, an intruder who was stealing his worms.

With a shrill chatter of rage the robin launched himself at his foe. The other saw him coming and fled, for he knew that he had no business to be there. Round the garden they went, dodging between the bushes, now in the trees and now nearly on the ground. The newcomer was a young robin who had not yet gained a territory of his own. And although he fled from the insane rage of his pursuer, yet he did not attempt to leave the garden.

Tiny Duellists

Round the potting sheds and glasshouses they flew and into the kitchen garden and here the young robin turned to fight. Pecking, chirping and fluttering their wings the tiny duellists fought. Wisps of feather floated to the ground. The red breasts were streaked with blood. No mimic combat was this but a deadly fight, a fight for the possession of the garden.

Many other small birds, attracted by the din, flew up to watch the combat. They perched at a respectful distance and watched the two fighters. Their voices were loud in the air as they shrieked encouragement. Even a lordly, golden-beaked blackbird came and watched the fray. But the two little fighters had no eyes for their audience. Their attention was fully occupied with each other.

At length it could be seen that the old robin was tiring. His young, more powerful opponent re-

doubled the fury of his attack with a flurry of tiny wings. Both of them were tired but the younger bird was the stronger. The old bird's left eye was gone. Its socket was a red emptiness. His wings were leaden, all his body was one great ache. He knew that if he continued it would mean his death. He turned and fled. The victor pursued him until he disappeared over the garden wall. Then he returned to survey his new-won kingdom. He was stiff and sore but he had won his spurs. He now had a territory of his own.

So tired was he that he soon perched in a bush to rest and groom his disordered feathers. He sat there in blissful ignorance of the fact that two

yellow eyes were watching his every movement with interest. A striped body, pressed close to the ground drew nearer and nearer. . . .

Next morning the old gardener was again digging. A robin flew down and cocked his eye at the struggling worms. Only one eye he had for the other had been plucked out. The gardener recognised his old friend and wondered, for he had seen the fight. Why had the old robin returned unopposed to the garden? He shook his head and resumed his digging, but I think that his tabby cat could have supplied the answer he was seeking.

MOTORING

Should All Drivers Be Tested?

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

I HAVE seen it announced recently that Mr. Belisha is thinking of asking all drivers who held licences before 1934 to submit themselves voluntarily to tests.

If this is true, and there is undoubtedly some substance in it, I must confess it seems singularly pointless. After all, what driver is going to submit himself for a test voluntarily? There is always the risk that he will be ploughed owing to some technicality which is not really of importance. Surely no one in his senses is going to take such a chance, nor, for that matter, is he likely to put himself to the inconvenience involved.

Whether bad drivers know they are bad drivers is doubtless a moot point. Certainly I have never met one who admitted his limitations any more than I have met a drunkard who admitted he was a drunkard. But, supposing there are such people, surely it is these who will be particularly careful not to volunteer. Thus, I cannot see that those who really need to be put through a test so that they may afterwards be banned from the roads will ever get tested under such a scheme.

Obviously, if the scheme is to be of any use at all, it must be made compulsory. Unfortunately, the machinery to carry out so gigantic a task will prove enormously expensive and would also take a considerable time to organise. I cannot see how it could be made a practical proposition.

Magistrates, however, are now beginning to order motorists who are convicted of dangerous or careless driving to undergo a test before their licences are renewed after suspension. This seems the sensible course.

It is, of course, obvious that because a man has been driving for a great many years, even without an accident, it does not necessarily follow that he is a fit person to drive. He may have recently developed an infirmity or be entering upon the stage of senile decay which makes any future driving highly dangerous.

Obviously it is difficult to pick out these people except when they are convicted in the police court; but it might be well to require applicants for renewal of licences to pass a test when they have reached a certain age.

I admit that this would be a hardship on many people of advanced age who are perfectly fit to drive, in fact, more so than many younger people, but there would certainly be a good case for such a step.

I do not, however, think that the present driving test would be suitable for such people who may know the routine of driving perfectly well. What seems to be required is something on the lines of the tests given to prospective air pilots, though of course not so drastic, by which the reactions of the drivers in cases of emergency could be ascertained. It is failure in emergencies which cause most accidents, apart from sheer road-hogging, and if drivers who were prone to lose their nerve could be eliminated I feel sure the toll of the road would be much reduced.

The Royal Prerogative

King of the British Empire! Thy subjects in distress
Pray for thine intervention in this hour of tragic stress.

Thou alone can save us from the perils of to-day,
For our hearts are heavy laden. So do not answer
Nay!

This once grand stable Nation is torn beyond belief;
But thou supremely able can bring us all relief.
For you know well the trials we Britishers have stood
In days afore when Rulers far better understood.

Every loyal patriot of our teeming millions' race
Will raise a shout of triumph when you take your rightful place.

We shall stand with full equipment whatever be the need,
If you but grant this prayer, then by God we shall succeed.

R.R.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Revaluation of Samuel Butler

By the Literary Critic

FATE played one of the strangest of her tricks on Samuel Butler, causing him to be treated as of comparatively little account by his own generation and then after his death investing him at once with a tremendously inflated reputation.

He had foreseen that something of the kind would happen when he wrote :

O Critics, Cultured Critics!
Who will praise me after I am dead,
Who will see in me both more and less than I intended,
But who will swear that whatever it was it was all perfectly right.

His eccentricities, weaknesses and follies were immediately forgotten, and he was hailed—as he still continues to be hailed—as the glorious forerunner of a new age of enlightenment, the gallant rebel against the cant and hypocrisy of his own time.

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge has set out to give us a revaluation of Butler's character and work, and as a result the author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh" is divested of most of the heroic trappings that posterity has attached to him. ("The Earnest Atheist: A Study of Samuel Butler," Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.).

Worst of Self-Deceivers

True, Mr. Muggeridge does not deny Butler the gift of vision. His Utopia, he says, "has very largely come to pass," and "The Way of All Flesh" "has borne a rare progeny of young men and women living their own lives in their own way."

But so far from being a pioneer in the revolt against the hypocrisy and shams of his own age, Butler was in truth the very worst of self-deceivers.

"The deepest need of his nature was to escape from the reality of his own existence." "His mind was his refuge and he lived secure amongst its shadows and fantasies."

The portrait that emerges from Mr. Muggeridge's brilliantly written book is not that of a very "Nice Person," and that no doubt would be Butler's principal grievance against his latest critic if he were alive to read what Mr. Muggeridge has written about him.

African Portraits

Miss Margery Perham has embarked upon the novel experiment of presenting to the English public a series of African portraits executed by the individuals concerned. ("Ten Africans," Faber & Faber, illustrated, 15s.)

She has taken ten persons, two of them women, of widely different culture and experience, and encouraged them to tell in their own words—either through the medium of an interpreter or by their

own pen—the main events of their lives and "to philosophise a little, if philosophy seemed to come naturally" to them.

In doing this she disclaims any propagandist motive.

"These Africans have not been carefully selected to represent any special virtues or qualities. . . That knowledge of Africans as persons makes it impossible to dismiss them all as savage or backward is a truth which has its reverse side: it is also impossible to regard them all as uniformly good, simple, unfortunate or oppressed. These Africans, like any other ten persons, vary in character and also reveal contradictions in themselves. They were chosen at random."

Some Excellent Fiction

Mr. Brett Young when he sets out to tell a story is not content to paint in his characters for us against a more or less shadowy background. That background, like the characters, must be real and convincing, a very important part of the story. We must feel ourselves living in it, and Mr. Brett Young spares no pains in ensuring that this shall happen.

It is this, combined with an austere graceful style, that gives a peculiar distinction to every novel Mr. Brett Young writes. In "Far Forest" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) he gives us of his best: another vivid picture of the Shropshire scene, a generation back, a moving tale of love that did not run smoothly and a further series of clear-cut portraits.

Those who read Mr. Denis Mackail's remarkable *tour de force*, "The Wedding," will not need to be reminded of his gift for expanding a single central incident into an enthralling story of many characters and lives.

This time he has started off with the purchase by his hero of a diary in the barber's shop of a liner, a trivial enough incident that nonetheless affords plenty of scope for his creative imagination ("Back Again," Hodder & Stoughton).

Mrs. L. M. Montgomery is a popular Canadian writer who has written a number of books—one of which has recently been filmed—round a charming heroine called Anne.

The latest of these, with the scene laid in Prince Edward Island, is "Anne of Windy Willows" (Harrap), a light but fascinating tale which shows considerable power of characterisation.

Youth and age look at life differently, and when the parents of a Lancashire family make up their minds that they would like to have their sons and daughter living in close proximity to them in a single terrace, there is bound to be trouble and rebellion. That is the theme of Miss Eleanor Dunbar Hall's "Tambour Terrace" (Harrap), and it provides in her capable hands a very good story.

We invite our readers
to write to us expressing
their views on
matters of current
interest :: ::

WHAT OUR R

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us by the first post on Monday morning.

The Terror that is Spain

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I am taking this opportunity of sending a letter by P. & O. steamer, as you like to hear the truth.

I agree entirely with you about Monarchism; but just now in Spain it would not take. The people have been so pathetically misinformed and so degraded by Sovietistic propaganda. Later perhaps!

Professor Unamuno, Rector of the University of Salamanca and Father of the Spanish Republic has gone over to the Patriotic side, as he says, "Western civilisation is in grave peril."

"Patriot" refugees from Malaga inform me that the Reds are arming little boys and girls of ten years old, who go out in the streets and shoot people down, thinking it a great game.

The adult Communists are bestial savages, raping young girls in public streets and committing acts of barbarous cruelty, some of them too terrible to print. Suffice it to say that the burning of whole families alive is not at all uncommon. This terrible death, refugees have explained to me, is inflicted after an order of a so-called "Court"; so the present Spanish Government is directly responsible.

I do not mind anything I say being published, but perhaps it would be wiser not to give my name, as France and Spain are the paramount powers here and we might get into trouble.

Also we have armed Communists around us and they are getting very wild. One says there is a Black List and that they intend to kill many people if they arise. And certainly France and now England are helping them.

TRAVELLER.

Tangiers.

B.B.C. Misrepresentation

MADAM,—

Please allow me to thank you for the good work you are doing through the *Saturday Review* in your attempt to open the eyes of the British public to the true position of Foreign Affairs generally, and more especially to the actual situation in Spain.

I cannot help wishing that some steps could be taken in the Press to bring to an end the unwarranted bias shown by the B.B.C. announcers when describing the daily military situation in Spain.

It is, I suppose, to be expected that certain newspapers should distort news to suit their politics, but I think we have the right to expect that news given over the wireless should be as far as possible accurate and also without the evident Communist sympathy of the B.B.C. announcer, which by suggestion influences a large public in the wrong direction.

JOHN CREALOCK.

1, Avenue Studios,
76, Fulham Road, S.W.

Spreading The Truth About Spain

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Every Catholic who can read English owes a debt of gratitude to your fearlessly truthful Paper.

Many readers of Red and "pink" journals listen-in to Radio Luxemburg on Sundays; and as the B.B.C. are evidently under orders to suppress certain facts about the

anti-God war in Spain, could not the *Saturday Review* broadcast some home truths on the subject from Luxembourg, and thus reach a large and gravely-misled public?

The suggestion comes from my son, who has recommended your paper to several other Catholic readers.

G. WILLOUGHBY MEADE.

Lourdes,

36, Marius Road, S.W.17.

The Real Spanish Rebels

MADAM.—

The Madrid Government responsible for these last orgies of massacre and destruction has been so repeatedly described by our Press as elected by the votes of the Spanish people that law-abiding English folk not conversant with foreign affairs may be excused for regarding the troops fighting against it as "Rebels." As has been frequently stated, however, the Madrid Government seized the reins of power by violence, terrorism and fraud.

The few following facts may assist their judgment. A few days before the election last February known loyalists in many provinces were arrested, conveyed to distant towns, and there threatened with death if they returned home till the elections were over. On the night of the election, before closing time, armed Reds invaded the polling stations of most of the big towns, and destroyed the "urns" or ballot boxes. In one city alone, some 20 ballot boxes were broken and the contents scattered, while, the day following, those who dared to try to register their vote again were stabbed or shot in the streets, the ruffians even shooting down Red Cross doctors who were tending the wounded.

Yet, in spite of this, the total number of votes secured by the "Government" was 10,000 less than those registered by the loyalists. As to the number of seats, the "Heraldo" claimed 258 for the Government all told, but later statistics showed that in 15 provinces, where they claimed 82 seats, they had only 47. In other words they were left with only 221, or 16 less than a majority. These figures, published in the "Siglo Futuro" of the 18th of February, speak for themselves.

"FIAT JUSTITIA."

Bristol.

A Tribute From Germany

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

This is to tell you how much I admire you for your courageous stand for progressive conservatism.

I have just returned from London where I bought the *Saturday Review*, issue of 20th August, 1936.

ERNST HANFSTAENGL.

Wilhelmstr. 69a,
Berlin, W.8.

Change The Man

MY LADY,—

You are quite right. Until we get rid of Mr. Baldwin we shall never have a strong Government which is respected abroad.

The sooner we get rid of him the better.

OLD READER.

Luton, Beds.

R READERS THINK

Our Unchristian Clergy

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

As a Catholic and an English-woman I have followed with very great interest and greater admiration your outspoken articles in the *Saturday Review* on the menace of Communism and its anti-God campaign in Spain.

It is an appalling fact that many people, grossly misled by lying reports in various newspapers, even now fail to grasp the true position in Spain and who the "Rebels" (as they are pleased to call them) really are.

These "Rebels"—or shall I say this glorious body of Catholics?—"In spite of dungeon, fire and sword," have risen to defend the Faith of our Fathers against a "Red" Anti-Christ, a howling mob of notorious murderers who are prowling round the world in an attempt to destroy Christianity and all that that sacred name implies. In Spain these Communists are working under the cloak of the name "Spanish Government" but really under the banner of Moscow.

Where are the so-called "Christian" Clergy of our fair land in all this? Does Christianity mean so little to them—is it merely a "living"—a business proposition—is the cause of Christ not worth so much as a comment?

CECILY M. LICKORISH.

55, Carlyle Road, Edgbaston, 16,
Birmingham.

So Shall We Reap

MADAM,—

Who authorised this gift of £10,000,000 of public money, and called it loan? Ten millions! Not to assist distressed and famished areas, to aid agriculture, subsidise our shipping, revitalise industry, or strengthen national defence; not even to bolster up a defaulting neighbour nation, but to an enemy sworn to destroy us, one actively undermining our Empire everywhere abroad—in Palestine, India, Egypt and under our very noses at home. I do not seem to have heard that any Subscription List was opened, or any closed.

Who has done this? There is no answer. The doors of the Mother of Parliaments are closed. The members are making holiday.

Why was the money "lent"? Were they not, the murderers, turned out bag and baggage till someone kowtowed them back, and back they came, this time with privileges unlimited and in greater numbers than before? And why were they permitted to come? To disaffect our most loyal Dominion for the sake of surplus timber that our ships may not carry, or to make this England of ours a garden of Eden, "fit for heroes to live in"?

To what end we have seen. That Pacifists, Socialists, Communists, the dupes of a League of Noodles, Red agitators and redder viragoes may poison the unreflecting with the lie-sugared virus of envy and hate.

Those who sow the wind reap the whirlwind. When they whom a gagged and venal Press persist in calling "Rebels," succeed, as God send soon they may, in saving Spain's remains from this holocaust, the same fires will be lit in France, next door, with the aid of Red deserters from beyond the Pyrenees.

"How long, O Catiline, wilt thou continue to abuse our patience?"

"*QUOUSQUE TANDEM.*"

N. Somerset.

The "Saturday Review" and Spain

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Your courageous attitude towards the appalling situation prevailing in Spain is like a real burst of sun-

shine piercing through the storm of premeditated deception and misrepresentation.

Surely no human being who possesses a spark of kindliness can condone what history will perfide to have to record as one of the most terrible civil revolutions that stands out from the many bloody occurrences of the past, by reason of its sheer lust, brutality and wickedness.

The sorrow and anguish now prevailing in that unhappy country should at least make the cranks and despisers of this old country pause and think deeply what they owe to the land of their birth.

Perhaps out of this ceaseless outpouring of human blood, with its mountains of sorrow and suffering, will emerge a new Spain, imbued with a patriotic, visionary aspiration and spirit to put once more in the run of progressive civilised races a once great and powerful country, whose history stands out like a beacon-light in the pages of long ago.

Be ye strong, good lady, courageous, inspiring, visionary and uplifting!!!

FRANCIS EDWIN TYLER.

57, Fieldgate Street, London, E.

Foreign Communist Agents

MADAM,—

The attitude of the *Church Times* to the real nature of the Spanish Civil War, seems to be one of complete indifference. Surely the persecution of co-religionists should be its deep concern!

It is about time that Christians realised that Communism aims at the total destruction of Christian civilisation everywhere. The enemy is in our very midst, sowing the seed of his revolutionary creed.

What we urgently need is a United Christian Front—representative of all Christian denominations. The sooner it is formed the better.

I have written the M.P. of this division, begging him use his influence to prevent the entry into this country of any Communist agent. We seem to be in danger of a visit from "La Passionaria"—and so I humbly suggest that all readers of the *Saturday Review* and *Daily Mail* acquaint their M.P.'s with their objections.

ELISABETH GILCHRIST.

21, Strathaven Road,
Horn Park, Lee, S.E.12.

Awakening the People

SIR,—May I thank you for publishing my letter, in the *Saturday Review* (8th August) headed "World Revolution"?

From all parts of Great Britain letters etc., poured in which are indeed deeply moving. It may be interesting to note, that that courageous Empire senior daily, *The Morning Post*, also published a letter from me which stated the truth!

I have been overwhelmed with messages from all parts of the British Empire, and I say unashamedly that each night I go down upon my knees and thank Almighty God for the "Awakening" of the British people to the menace of the Godless Forces who are threatening the peace of the world and the welfare of humanity.

If, as an instrument, I can be of service to God, King and Christianity, my prayer is "God lead our Rulers and People, into the 'light' and like myself, your humble servant, have faith and courage to face the 'Godless' and in Thy strength destroy them!"

STANLEY GEORGE.

Chelmsfield, Kent.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Our Humiliation in Egypt

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

On Saturday evening at a Southampton cinema, the Gaumont British news showed the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty.

I was very glad the darkness hid my humiliation. But the pictorial record of the surrender of British power in Egypt and, incidentally, the Mediterranean, was only ONE of two disagreeable incidents.

The thing that made my blood boil far more was the sight of that arch-“Bolshie” Ramsay MacDonald, putting HIS signature to this so-called treaty, hard on that of our dandified Mr. Eden!

What a precious pair! No wonder our young men consider the local dance hall and the latest jazzy tune of more importance than the use of arms and the future of their country.

What is the matter with the British public lately? Will nothing shake them from their smug complacency?

Repelled by MacDonald’s Bolshevik activities they kick him out of Parliament at the recent General Election, yet here he is occupying a position on the Privy Council, put there by Baldwin.

J. K. MILLS.

2, Balmoral Road,
Watford, Herts.

How to Govern Palestine

SIR,—The Arab rebellion, started about five months ago, has gone from bad to worse and so martial law is about to be enforced. The cause of the rebellion is well known; so I shall not go into it here. The remedies suggested, either in favour of the Arabs or the Jews, will never end this trouble. People of these two religions will never live amicably under their respective or joint governments.

The one and only efficient way of governing the country is by a strong neutral Power. Why should not that Power be the British? I strongly recommend that the British should govern it on lines very similar to those in force in India before the war, which government was economical, most efficient and admired by the whole world.

I further strongly recommend that, as a beginning, specially selected experienced officers of all the important civil and military departments of India, on the active and retired lists, should be immediately employed in Palestine. The Governor, one of these experienced officers, should be granted a free hand with no meddling from Whitehall.

If all these are done I am convinced that within a few months the country will quieten down, become prosperous with law abiding people. In passing I may state that, as Egypt has now been given away, a well governed British Palestine will be a very big asset to the British Empire in many ways. In conclusion I would like to add that I have made the above brief remarks on knowledge gained during long residence in India and the East.

“PATRIOT.”

Knocke-Zoute.

Home Truths

MADAM,—

I have followed the advice of the *Saturday Review* and now subscribe to the “National Review” and “Patriot” so I now find truth where it is absent from the “hush hush” Press.

In the July “National Review” “Wanted a Sherlock Holmes” tells a few home truths about the Press. Perhaps you might arrange to reprint this article in the *Saturday Review*? It points out that disagreeable news is suppressed; also news that runs counter to the views held by the writer of the leading article; correspondents abroad are invited to report not as they see things but as they fit in with editorial policy.

One has only to recall the blatant bias of one section of the Press and the B.B.C. against Italy in its campaign

against Ethiopia to realise how the British public can be misled. The author says “Between the truth and the public a barrier exists. To get at truth it is necessary to act on the principle of elimination. It is only by getting rid of the preconceived notion that the Press tells the truth, the whole truth and only the truth, that we can hope to achieve something worth while” and he takes the Italian conflict as an illustration.

In the “Patriot” one reads the astounding statement that over 50 per cent. of the British Press is either owned by or under the influence of the Jews. Certainly disagreeable truths have a way of upsetting nervous investors.

The *Saturday Review* tells the truth, pleasant or unpleasant, and I feel that I shall have the support of your readers in thanking you on their behalf for being such a Patriot.

CONSTANT READER.

Guildford.

Free Speech in Britain

SIR,—Your splendid leading articles and comments on “Free Speech in Britain,” have put the question of organised hooliganism at public meetings in its true perspective.

As a Conservative and anti-Socialist speaker for nearly 30 years, having addressed meetings in every part of Britain, it has been my invariable experience that the people who persistently interrupt public meetings are Socialists and Communists.

If any of your readers doubt this let them take a stroll in Hyde Park any Sunday, and they will see gathered round the Conservative, and “Anti Socialist Union” platforms, gangs of Communists and Socialists, shouting at the speakers, and doing their utmost to create disorder.

FRED HOWARD.
12, Coldbath Buildings,
London, E.C.1.

The Duchess of Atholl

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I have read with great interest the correspondence between you and the Duchess of Atholl in the “Morning Post.” It seems strange that this “Conservative” lady should use the very arguments which are invariably advanced by Communists in their defence of the Soviets.

It is astounding that it is easier for her to see Nazi propaganda in this country than it is for her to see Communist! Does she never read the “Daily Worker,” or, indeed, most of the London daily papers? An article in the “Fascist,” or the sight of a van decorated with a Swastika throws the Duchess into a paroxysm of rage. Why not wave the “Daily Worker” in the House of Commons?

She need look no further than the teaching profession for evidence of Soviet-inspired propaganda—but there are none so blind as those who will not see, and the outlook of the Duchess, at present, is that of a provincial schoolmistress!

Wishing you every success in your courageous fight.
HONOR COOPER.

21, Warwick Crescent, W.2.

A Correction

SIR,—Through my inability to correct the proofs of my article last week a very unfortunate misprint occurred. I appear to say: “Mussolini’s war in Abyssinia is not the result of Fascism, under which, by the way, the Catholic Church leads a very tolerable existence.” I wrote—perhaps badly!—“by the way.”

F. WOODLOCK, S.J.
Heythrop College,
Chipping Norton, Oxon.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW"
REGISTER OF
SELECTED HOTELS
LICENSED

A BERFELDY. Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA. Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

A VIEMORE. Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf. Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

A YLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

B AMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

B ELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins. 2/6.

B LACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

B OURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

B OWNES-ON-WINDEMERE. Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 6 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 11 miles. Yachting, fishing.

B RACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

B RIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 38; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

B ROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

B URFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

B URY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

C ALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

C AMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

C ARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkf.), 37/6. Golf.

C LOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

C LYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maerclochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

C OMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

C ONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Water Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-; £6. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

D OWNERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

D ULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

D UNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

E LY, Camb.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

F ALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor house Hotel, Bullock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

G LASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 23 to 35, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 88; Rec., 6. Pens., from £2 5/-. Lun., 3/-. Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

G LASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

G REAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6. Day, putting green.

G ULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

H AMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

H ASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

H ERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

I LFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

R OYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

I NVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

K ESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

K IBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A. R.A.C. and B.F.S.B. appointed.

L OCHE AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmain 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

L ONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2209. Pens., 24 to 3 gns.

G ORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

G ULLFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 55/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

H OTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. Table tennis.

S HAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

T HE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

L OSSIE MOUTH, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £5 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

L YNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-. Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

M ORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

N EWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 8. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

O TTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- to 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

N EWTON STEWART, Wigtonshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £2 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, boating, tennis.

N ITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton Underclif Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £2 5/-. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

O CKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

P ADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

P AIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns. from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

P ERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E. from 24/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

P ETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

P LYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

P ORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens. from 45 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

R ICHEMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and rendezvous.

R IPON, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., 24 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

R OSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 6; Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

S ALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lit. Phone: 399.

S ALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

S CARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38; Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

T HE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscraig. Bed., 56; Rec., 5; Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

S IDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 61 to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

S OUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf 5 miles, free to hotel guests; fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

S TOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square. Hanley. Bed., 16; rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-. Lun., 2/-. Din., 3/6; Sup. acc. to requirements. Lun., golf, tennis.

S TOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 4; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

S TRANRAER, Wigtonshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

T EIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

T EWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6 gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

T ORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

P ALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

V IRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3, and Bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

W ALTON-ON-NAZE. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leycester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4/- gns. W.E. Sat. to Mon., 33/- Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/- Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens. from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/- Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHAM.—Glenco Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRIGHTON (HOVE).—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL, First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawns. Comfortable residential hotel. Lift, Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 guineas. Special residential terms.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. Pens., 4 gns. each per week—full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/- Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTEHENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays Hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 8/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Propri. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 68; Rec., 5. Pens., from 8 to 6 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Brancaster Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 8 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heating. No extras. Tel.: 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—3/- gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 8 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 miles. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone: 598.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

ILFACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent., 110 bed., all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift, Ballroom. Pens., 3/- to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD, Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3/- to 4/- gns. W.E., 12/6 to 18/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary St. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshealach Hotel, Achiaracle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone, Vic. 0867 & 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15/-. D., 27/-. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-. Tea, 1/-. Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 22, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 2801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.25. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E. from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE HOTEL, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park, 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Balne Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., from 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Tel.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, No. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to 2½ 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jeamond. 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jeamond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6; Lun., 2/-. Din., 3/-.
PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviere Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from 23 17/6; W.E., 2½ to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NEWTOWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

LITERARY

AUTHORS invited forward MSS. all description for publications; Fiction specially required. £50 Cash for Poems. Stockwell, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, London.

MISCELLANEOUS

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EMPIRE NEWS

Australia Learns from Germany

From an Australian Correspondent

SINCE the foundations of the British Empire were laid economic self-sufficiency has never been so desirable as it is to-day. One might almost say it is more than desirable: It is imperative.

Other nations are showing us the way to achieve national self-sufficiency. Germany, with her unspiring efforts to develop her natural resources and produce all she needs within her own frontiers, is a noteworthy example.

The Dominions should not allow Germany's example to pass unheeded. And it is encouraging to note that Australia, at least, is taking the lesson to heart.

A few days ago Sir David Rivett, Deputy Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the Commonwealth Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, returned to London from a fortnight's visit to Germany.

The purpose of his visit was to study Germany's development of the processes by which oil is extracted from coal, with the object of making certain recommendations on the subject to the Commonwealth Government.

His conclusions are interesting. He told me:

"The German experts were most willing to supply all the information I required. They were greatly interested in proposals for the adoption of the processes in Australia, either independently or in association with certain British firms.

"Australia undoubtedly possesses admirable raw materials for both the processes which are being developed in Germany at present. No serious difficulties need be anticipated in producing petrol from black or brown coal."

Sir David Rivett's findings will ring pleasantly in Australian ears. For years, the Commonwealth has cast about it for some means of supplying its own oil and petroleum needs.

Public money has been spent in aerial surveys of country with oil-bearing possibilities. Large sums of private capital have also been devoted to the development of areas which, it was hoped, would yield a bonanza in the best Californian style.

The results have been disappointing, although Tasmania produces something more than 50,000 gallons of oil a year from its shale development, and other states have struck oil in unimpressive quantities.

It is possible that, somewhere in the vast wastes of Australia, a mag-

nificent underground lake of oil is waiting to be discovered. But Australia cannot afford to daily until chance or geology makes the discovery.

Oil is among the vital necessities of any distant dominion in time of war. Oil Australia must have. And there is evidently a realisation of this in high places.

The raw materials which Sir David Rivett mentioned are undoubtedly at hand. I have just been checking the latest figures of Australia's coal production.

These show that the Commonwealth produces more than nine million tons of black coal and more than two and a half million tons of brown coal annually.

No one would pretend that these coal deposits are inexhaustible, but, granted a process by which oil may be won from coal on an economic basis, they certainly give Australia independence of the recognised oil-producing nations for many years to come.

It is necessary for the Dominions, especially a Dominion like Australia which has such vast natural resources and offers such a tempting coastline to the invader, to do everything in its power to contribute to Imperial self-sufficiency.

There seems little doubt that, influenced by the opinion of a scientist of Sir David Rivett's calibre, the Commonwealth will not hesitate to explore every avenue towards self-sufficiency in oil production at least.

Scouts are Proud!

IT is difficult for us in this country, who learnt at school that a third of the vast land surface of Canada is covered with forest, to understand why Canadians are so keen about planting trees.

The reason can be seen by taking at random any item under the heading of "Lumber" from Canada's export list. For instance, during the month of May, 1936, Canada shipped to other countries 1,368,900,000 of planks and boards.

Like mining, tree felling is a wasting industry but, unlike mining, the waste can be made good—in time.

So it comes that Canadian Boy Scouts, as the present representatives of future generations, give considerable attention to tree planting.

Last Empire Day, to give one example, 116 scouts attending a camp completed the reforestation of a 30 acre Scout Forest at Angus, near Lake Simcoe, in Ontario.

This forest (that is to be) was leased to the provincial Scout Association in 1929 and the trees planted that year are now considerably taller than the lads who planted them.

In all a half million trees have been put into this Scout Forest and

an adjacent area by some 700 scouts. And aren't the young foresters proud of them!

Buoyant Kenya

By Cleland Scott.

KENYA to-day somewhat resembles a ship which has run aground and has just been refloated. On such occasions buoyancy is of great assistance and this capacity is, and always has been, one of Kenya's greatest assets. The Americans have been told for a long time that prosperity is "just around the corner" but without having been told that to any great extent Kenya is "sitting pretty."

Prices of three of her products have improved steadily and sisal, butter and wool are again being produced at a profit. The coffee planters, having set their plantations in order, seem likely to reap the benefit, while that hardy annual, maize, appears to be over the worst; wheat, too, has hardened in value.

The farming community as a whole no longer walk about looking like hired mourners at a funeral.

Liebigs are considering opening a factory and if they do so then the grave problem of overstocking in the native reserves will be solved and the natives will benefit enormously.

Another firm are sending up two representatives to investigate the possibilities of Kenya stock for the frozen and chilled meat trade. Such firms do not waste money on tours of unlikely countries, so this is another feather in Kenya's cap.

The quality of hides prepared in Kenya is the highest in Africa.

More and more farmers are turning to mixed farming, so the possibility of another paying sideline in the shape of Passion Fruit juice is cheering, especially as the delicacy of flavour of the Kenya fruit is superior to any in the world and vines do well throughout the Highlands.

As a sign of improved conditions there are four and a half million more shillings in circulation. The imports and exports have exceeded even what were at the time considered sanguine estimates.

Imports this year have risen by £357,696, or 13 per cent. Exports by £1,076,612 or 25 per cent., while customs duties have exceeded the estimates by £87,417.

The die-hard critics of White Settlement will, of course, conveniently fail to see or hear of any of the above concrete instances of faith in the future prosperity of the country.

As regards the future, the Governor of Tanganyika and Mr. Pirow have calmed many justifiable fears. The former remarked emphatically that even Great Britain would not be so insane as to give Tanganyika back to Germany. Mr. Pirow stated pub-

lily that "South Africa, working hand in hand with the rest of the British Empire will be the elder brother to the rest of British Africa, and that in no circumstances could she or Great Britain consider returning Tanganyika."

So the Cinderella of our Empire feels comforted that she has substantial backing and that that question is really settled in spite of Mr. Baldwin's unwillingness to commit himself.

The Cape Royal Observatory

Cape Town.

THE Royal Observatory in Cape Town is, of course, under the control of the Admiralty, and was established by an Order-in-Council dated October 20th, 1820, for the purpose of observing the stars of the southern hemisphere so that navigation there would be simplified and rendered safer.

During the 116 years that this observatory has been in use, control has been shared by only eight H.M. Astronomers, and probably the most prominent of these were Sir Thomas Maclear and Sir David Gill.

Under these scientists and the other astronomers, this observatory has now become one of the most important in the world.

The Royal Observatory has to its credit the distinction of, in 1882, first making practical use of the telescope in star photography. By this means it has become possible accurately to fix the positions of stars.

Work initiated here has resulted in the world's leading observatories co-operating in a photographic survey of the heavens, and in the completion of that photographic catalogue known as the Cape *Durchmusterung*, in which about 400,000 stars are identified.

The Royal Observatory has contributed 500,000 star charts to the international catalogue, the *Cart du Ciel*.

The first astronomer at the Cape was the Rev. Fearon Fallows, M.A., who carried on until 1832, when Mr. Thomas Henderson arrived.

This astronomer accomplished some important pioneer work, but he only remained for about a year, and then resigned.

Sir Thomas Maclear, his successor, then held office until 1870. Maclear carried out many highly important geodetic surveys, and was also associated in private with the observations of Sir John Herschel, who came out to the Cape at his own expense in 1834.

Sir John, using his own instruments, was supposed to have discovered inhabitants on the moon, according to a New York "Sun" hoax.

Maclear and Gill served the longest terms as astronomers at the Cape. The former was here 27 years, and the latter 28 years.

Sir David Gill took over the office in 1879, nine years after the appointment of Maclear's successor, Mr. Edward James Stone. Gill's control

of the Royal Observatory brings us down to comparatively recent times, for it was in 1907 that Mr. S. S. Hough became H.M. Astronomer.

He held this position until his death in 1928, when Dr. H. Spencer-Jones, now at Greenwich, was appointed to the post. He was succeeded by Dr. Jackson.

A part of the observatory's work that will be of interest to the average person is that it daily transmits various time signals to most of the South African ports, as well as a wireless time signal broadcast every night from Slangkop.

This is intended for the ships at sea, but many wireless enthusiasts around Cape Town take note of it.

The South African standard time throughout the Cape Province is given by this observatory, which uses an instrument known as the transit circle for this purpose, as well as for determining accurately the positions of stars.

Photographing the sun periodically, carrying out extensive meteorological observations, and the seismographic record of earthquakes are among the ordinary duties of this institution.

The Meridian Observatory is the principal building in the 27 acres occupied by the Royal Observatory. There are, in addition, ten other observatories in which instruments of various sorts are housed and in which different sorts of investigations are carried out.

W.L.S.

S. Rhodesian News

Chiefs as Farmers

A VERY interesting experiment was initiated on September 1st, at Domboshawa in Southern Rhodesia. It is a school where Native Chiefs are to be taught certain important aspects of their duties and responsibilities — particularly towards the soil.

The Rhodesian native is before all things a farmer but his traditional methods of agriculture are exceedingly wasteful. He cuts down the trees, leaves the stumps in the ground, scratches the surface, plants his seeds and, when the ground is exhausted, moves on, leaving erosion to complete the ruin of the soil. With his cattle he is equally thrifless, thinking only of numbers, being indifferent to quality, and making no provision for food in the lean seasons.

The Government has trained native agriculturalists, community demonstrators and supervisors and put them in the various native reserves to show how things should be done:

It is felt, however, that the Chiefs should understand the how, why and wherefore, of modern husbandry. To this end a course for Chiefs has been introduced and eight of them, each attended by a counsellor, have assembled at the Native College at Domboshawa. The number is limited by lack of accommodation but

next year it is hoped to extend the course to a greater number. If arrangements can be made in the time it is also hoped to provide accommodation for the wives of the Chiefly students—or at least one each.

No doubt attention will be given to cotton-growing. This is a new crop for Rhodesian natives but one which the present Chief Native Commissioner is particularly anxious to see introduced. Arrangements for the ginning of native cotton has already been made.

A special consignment of pigs from Southern Rhodesia is now on the way to England.

It is the fourth experimental shipment of the kind and comprises 50 porkers and 12 baconers.

The pigs have been fed in four different groups, each receiving special rations. On arrival they will be examined by Dr. J. Hammond, the head of the Cambridge Agricultural Research Station, and certain carcasses will be cut up and subjected to a series of tests to determine which is best fitted for the Smithfield Market and which method of feeding best yields the desired results.

All are first crosses between large white and large black varieties.

On inspection by experts at the time of departure they were reported to be an excellent level lot, the porkers averaging about four months old and showing splendid conformation and condition.

Nickel—Canada's New Records

CANADIAN nickel production is breaking all records.

It totalled 68,700,000 pounds in the first five months of 1936 compared with 52,000,000 pounds in the corresponding period of 1935.

Exports of nickel were valued at just under £4,000,000 compared with £2,540,000 for the first five months of 1935.

One producing concern which in 1920 completed a programme of mine development and plant construction, involving an outlay of £10,000,000, is expending still more this year in the construction of new plants, and in addition to facilities of existing plants.

Canada produces over 80 per cent. of the world's supply of nickel, all of it from the Sudbury district of Ontario, except a small quantity recovered as a by-product of the silver-Cobalt-nickel ores of the Cobalt district in the same province.

From 830,477 pounds in 1889 the production of nickel increased continually to a war-time peak of 92,507,203 pounds in 1918.

With the depression production declined to 80,827,068 pounds in 1932, but has since made remarkable recovery.

In 1934 the output totalled 128,687,340 pounds, a new high level, and in 1935 continued its upward climb with a total of 188,516,240 pounds.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

Early Days in Tasmania

By Professor A. P. Newton

WHEN Abel Tasman was sent out from Batavia by the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies in 1642 to solve the long and debated question as to whether New Holland was a part of the Great South Land surrounding the Antarctic Pole, he began the most important voyage of exploration in the Southern Hemisphere.

Sweeping first back westward almost to the shores of Madagascar he turned south into the turbulent waters of the "waning forties" and determinedly kept eastward on the parallel of 42 degrees that he knew lay further south than the southwest point of New Holland.

After seven weeks' sailing from Mauritius on 24th November, 1642, he sighted a high mountainous land with wooded slopes plunging sheer into a stormy sea and he named it, after the Governor-General who had sent him forth, "Anthony Van Diemen's Land."

He was certain that he had solved the problem of the "South Land," for he noted that there was junction with land nearer the Pole and he was able to continue his course due east from the harbour at which he had landed on the east coast, and ultimately back to Batavia thus completing the first circumnavigation of what we now call Australia.

In the following year he returned to Van Diemen's Land and reported that it was the most southerly part of New Holland, but he could find nothing of value to attract Dutch Colonial enterprise, and it was not until late in the following century that Van Diemen's Land was visited again.



Founding of convict colony in Tasmania, 1804. The ships, with convicts from New South Wales stand off the encampment, site of modern Hobart.

Captain Cook came to its coast in 1770 and Bligh in 1788 and 1792 when he examined the southern coast more thoroughly than it had been explored before.

French scientific expeditions were also interested in the region, while Bass discovered that it was separated from the island-continent by the strait that now bears his name.

To anticipate the designs that it was feared France was contemplating the Governor of New South Wales decided to annex the island and between 1802 and 1804 a small settlement was established on the south coast near where Hobart now stands with a party of convicts and their soldier guards.

Three years later another settlement was started at Port Dalrymple on the north side of the island and Colonel Collins attempted from it to occupy what is now Victoria but without success.

The convict settlers by their own misdeeds had great trouble with the very primitive aborigines who stole or killed their sheep, and a relentless war of extermination was waged against the poor savages.

For twenty years the history of the penal establishment differed little

from that of the parent convict colony round Sydney, but since many of the worst and most undisciplined criminals were sent to Van Diemen's Land, life there was even darker than under the strictest rule in New South Wales.

By 1808 when there were some 3,000 convicts and their guards in the island, a few free settlers were allowed to enter to begin sheep farming for which the pastures were particularly fitted.

But the interests of the free sheep farmers were antagonistic to the purpose of punishment for which the colony had been founded, and so there was constant friction between the colonists and the Military Governor.

For twelve years, between 1824 and 1836 one of the strongest Governors who have served the Crown, Sir George Arthur, strove to make the system of a penal colony a success and by leasing out the services of convicts to the free farmers he bought their acquiescence for a time.

But it was an impossible task, convictism and free settlement could not exist side by side, and it was clear that the magnificent pastures of the fertile island could not always be set aside as a sink for criminals.

When Arthur resigned his Governorship the anti-convict agitation was at its height in New South Wales and at length victory was achieved, and after 1840 no more convicts were transported to Sydney.

But this was unfortunate for the lesser colony, for it remained as the only penal settlement for the Empire and all the transported criminals were poured into it.

The free men were disgusted and in large numbers they passed across the straits to found Melbourne on Port Phillip and begin sheep-farming in Victoria.

But at last the evil system was brought to an end and after 1853 the colony became entirely free.

The old name of Van Diemen's Land with all its painful memories was abandoned, and in place of it the name Tasmania, after its first discoverer was adopted.



Map of Eastern Seas as known about 1686. The Dutch, with the headquarters of the East India Company in Batavia, were the most persistent explorers of New Holland.

Will Gold Pay for Defence?

By Our City Editor

THE Bank of England's gold reserve of £250,000,000 is valued taking gold at just under 85s. per ounce fine. The present price of gold in sterling is 138s. per ounce fine and this difference will one day be adjusted by the writing up of the gold reserves to the true sterling figure when the stabilised value of the £ has been duly fixed. With the International disturbances which have occupied the centre of the stage for so long, the question of stabilisation has fallen into the background, though it has more than once been pointed out in these columns that such an essential factor towards the resumption of International trade would be the first and most powerful move towards securing the peace of the world. But the question remains of how the paper profit to be derived from writing up the gold is to be applied.

In America, the gold has already been written up and the dollar depreciated, though even now not to a fixed value. The profits so derived were used to finance the various "New Deal" schemes of the Roosevelt "Brain Trust." In Britain the pressing need now is to find the wherewithal to pay for defence, and the Treasury has not, so far, given a lead in this direction beyond maintaining all the conditions calculated to be favourable to the flotation of a large loan. At the present gold price, there would be a profit of nearly £150,000,000 if the Bank's gold reserve were written up. Curiously enough, this is believed to be the amount required urgently for defence expenditure.

Shares and Restriction Schemes

At the end of this month the International Rubber Regulation Committee meets and there is the possibility, though not more than that, of an increase in the exportable quota. The Tin Restriction Scheme comes to an end with the conclusion of the present year, failing agreement with Siam. The Tea Restriction agreement, in force until 1938, has been the subject of considerable controversy and the rise in values has been as much due to natural causes as to planning of output under a scheme which does not embrace the producers of China, Formosa, and Japan. Here are a few of the reasons for the failure of the shares in the Rubber, Tea and Tin producing industries to respond to the apparent improvement in conditions. Uncertainty is the very worst factor from a share market point of view, and however the Tin Producers' Association may express surprise at

the large yields available on Tin mining shares, the investing public is not encouraged to buy in a comparatively narrow market which may at any time render the shares unsaleable.

As regards Rubber, the poor price ruling for the greater part of last year, coupled with the rise in costs which is a direct result of the achievement of Regulation agreement, does not even place the shares on a satisfactory yield basis. Only a huge increase in consumption can give permanent prosperity to the rubber-producing companies on anything like the scale previously experienced. A great number of rubber shareholders acquired their interests at considerably higher prices than those now ruling, and until there has been some adjustment of this position, nothing like a boom in the share market is possible.

Tin shares are a gamble, but possibly a profitable one, and here the investor cannot go far wrong in holding such shares as Pahang at 15s. 3d., or the shares of the holding company, London Tin Corporation, at around 7s. 9d.

In the Tea market a promising share is that of Southern India Tea at 37s. 3d., giving a yield on the last year's 10 per cent. dividend basis of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Speculative Preferences

The general improvement in business conditions in this country has its effect not only on the amount of earnings of industrials available for ordinary dividend, but also on that available for preference dividends. Thus while well-covered preference shares are still further secured, some of the marginal preferences, which in bad times can only just receive a dividend, or may even have to forgo it, come into their own as full interest-earning investments though as speculative in character as any reasonable industrial ordinary share. Thus in the Debenhams group of companies, Selincourt & Sons 7 per cent. cumulative preference stand only at 16s., though the dividend was covered last year. The yield at this level is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and those who anticipate improvement in "soft-goods" may well buy such a share for capital appreciation. In the same class of share is the 7 per cent. cumulative preference of Cook, Son & Co. (St. Paul's), which at 21s. 3d. yields £6 12s. per cent. This dividend was covered by last year's earnings.

Gordon Selfridge Trust 6 per cent. cumulative preference stock is dependent upon the dividend paid by Selfridge & Co., in which the Trust holds £750,000 of ordinary shares. Last year the improvement in the operating company's profits enabled the Trust preference dividend to be covered 14 times and at 17s. 9d., the return on these shares is 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It should be obvious to the investor that such yields are not commensurate with gilt-edged security, but there is every prospect of some capital appreciation and a fair income if present industrial conditions, and those for trade generally, are maintained.

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THEATRE NOTES

"Swing Along"

Gaiety Theatre

THE five gentlemen who were responsible for this musical show need not have bothered to find a title for it: any phrase would have fitted the bill—even a couple of exclamation marks would suffice. There are two acts and five scenes and as far as I could gather they might have been played in any order. It certainly has a beginning and an ending, but as they bear no earthly relation to each other it doesn't really matter.

The whole thing is a vehicle to exploit the genius of Leslie Henson, and there is no doubt that he is a genius. Whether he is picking bullets out of a bullet-proof waistcoat, fixing bayonets—very curly bayonets at that—lying down on the floor in order to have a "full-length" portrait taken or playing the double bass, he is a comedian of the highest order.

Mr. Henson is, moreover, wise enough to surround himself with a cast of quite exceptional merit. Fred Emney is a tower—or should one say a mountain?—of strength, Richard Hearne one of those quietly effective comedians whom I suspect of being also a first-rate character actor, Zelma O'Neal has a quaintly piquant personality which she exploits to the full, and Louise Browne comes very near to stealing the whole show. I have for a long time been an admirer of Miss

Browne's work and I have never seen her to better advantage than in this successful Gaiety piece. She is an excellent dancer, can sing with the best of them and, wonder of wonders, is an exceedingly good actress.

There is also a very good-looking chorus and Mr. Graham John's lyrics are far above the average.

It may interest Mr. Henson to know that morally he owes me a supper: I laughed myself hungry.

Blackbirds of 1936

Lyceum

I AM never quite sure about the Blackbirds. I know that they are exceedingly good of their type, but I find them rather noisy. After having been blared at and tap-danced at for a whole evening at colossal speed, I feel a little weak. The humour too, I find rather feeble.

These coloured people can certainly dance and they know the value of slick production. Beyond that I am not prepared to go.

Of the individuals I would select Lavaida Carter as being an artist of real versatility who sings and dances equally well. Tim Moore and Gallie de Gaston are a pair of cross-talk comedians only little less than first-rate, and I enjoyed the choral singing of the J. Rosamund Johnson choir. That this happens to be a type of entertainment which does not appeal to me will not prevent the Lyceum from filling itself to capacity for a long time to come.

C.S.

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CINEMA

The Great Ziegfeld

BY MARK FORREST

THE one thing which is truly great about *The Great Ziegfeld*, for the presentation of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have leased His Majesty's Theatre, is its length. Beginning at 8.15 it runs for three hours with a short interval in the middle; it would be a much better picture if it ran for an hour and a half.

Claim to Fame

Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior, was the New York producer who was responsible among other things, for the Ziegfeld Follies, and his chief claim to fame was the lavish manner in which he put on spectacle after spectacle. He had the good fortune to die at the moment of his greatest achievement the production of four successes at the same time—*Rio Rita*, *Show Boat*, *The Three Musketeers* and *Rosalie*.

The picture contains glimpses of extravagant numbers and the Ziegfeld Follies are there in force to put them over, but a large part of the film is concerned with Ziegfeld's own life. This, as presented in the picture, appears to be rather dull, and William Powell who plays the principal part does not manage to give it much variety. There is, however, an excellent performance by Luise Rainer as Anna Held, the lady who made his first fortune for him and whom he left. Billie Burke, his second wife, is sympathetically played by Myrna Loy and Audrey Dane, his greatest show girl, by Virginia Bruce.

Gilding the Lily

Both the photography and the lighting are good, but the picture is too pretentious. Like most of Ziegfeld's own productions the lilies are gilded and time and time again a little simplicity would be much more effective; even his death scene is dragged out so interminably that it is longer than five of such scenes put together, and one gets the impression at the finish that the claim which is made on his behalf that he will leave behind him memories of the finest things done on the stage is a hollow one.

The only light relief is provided by Frank Morgan, as Billings, the rival showman who is always ready to find money for Ziegfeld when he can't get it anywhere else. His hesitating manner and swift smile are worth more to the film than the half an acre of ostrich feathers which at one time adorn the show girls, but it is only when someone makes twice the success with half the money that people like the late Ziegfeld realise the truth—and sometimes even the backers do.

BROADCASTING

The Mixture as Before

BY ALAN HOWLAND

IT must be nice to be a programme builder. One has a simply inexhaustible supply of bricks and it does not appear to matter what sort of edifice one erects. I well remember the look of dismay on the faces of some of the pundits when they realised that in future they would have to build two programmes at a time instead of one.

And how well they have done it, too! The National programme is so exactly like the Regional that it is almost impossible to tell t'other from which; in fact during the summer months for several hours a day, t'other is which. It has made listening an exciting pastime. You listen to a Quintet on the National for a few minutes and hurriedly switch over to Regional and land another Quintet. Northern Studio Orchestras alternate with Western Studio Orchestras in the most enchanting way, and dodging the News Bulletin or chasing the Dance Music between 10 p.m. and midnight is exhilarating.

The Daily Dose

It is nice, too, to know that there are certain items which it will be possible to hear at least fourteen times each week. For a time, the selection from Carmen was a sure starter about twice a day. After a while, Carmen, poor dear, became a bit déclassé and was succeeded by the Ballet Music from Faust. Then we had a spate of Delibes' La Source and after that Eric Coates' London Suite.

The favourite at the moment is the Overture to Fledermaus, which looks like staying the course pretty well. I can only imagine that the architects of British Broadcasting look upon these items as a kind of cement without which no single day's programme could be constructed at all.

Another new brick which the dear boys have discovered and which was duly dropped with a resounding thud this week is a talk on Shove-ha'penny, presented under the title of "Sports Talk." I am very fond of shove-ha'penny and am willing to give any of the programme lads one in a bed and a beating, but to include it under the heading of Sports is nothing short of ludicrous.

The B.B.C. persistently refuses to look upon its public as anything else but lunatic. It promises alternative programmes, fails to provide them, and imagines that nobody will notice. It presents fifth-rate programmes and pretends that the public will neither know nor care that they are fifth-rate. For this I blame not the individual producers but the highly paid officials. Still, it must be lovely to be a programme builder.

Reprinted from *The Saturday Review* of 22nd February, 1936.

Know All Ye People of England

That if my lips were unsealed—I could a tale unfold to rouse your indignation to fever heat—for I positively declare that THE SHAMEFUL NEGLECT BY THE GOVERNMENT TO PROVIDE AN AIR DEFENCE FOR LONDON FOUR YEARS AGO—DID NOT JUST HAPPEN THROUGH IGNORANCE—BUT WAS A STUDIED AND DELIBERATE ACT TO TREACHEROUSLY JEOPARDISE THE SAFETY OF LONDON'S CITIZENS.

The Government cannot pretend that they did not know *long before I did*—the peril and danger of London's defencelessness in the Air—FOR IT WAS A MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT WHO TOLD ME ABOUT IT IN 1932—and asked me if I would make the offer (which I made) to provide 40 aeroplanes—he said this would cost £200,000—necessary for the Air Defence of London.

This is four years ago and during all these four vital years—when London could have been made safe from peril by air—I begged, implored, supplicated and entreated the Government to provide this Air Defence—and by offering to finance it—*I LEFT THEM NO LOOPHOLE FOR NEGLECTING TO DO THIS.*

But they have steadily and stubbornly refused to do anything and now in 1936—London is in greater deadly peril of an Air Invasion than ever before, for London and her inhabitants could in a few hours be wiped out by enemy bombs.

LUCY HOUSTON.

This article was written in answer to Mr. Eden's question, asked in the House of Commons, "Who is Lady Houston?"

WHO IS MR. ANTHONY EDEN?

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

GOD'S Eternal Law is—That those who would hold what they have must be prepared to fight for it. To fight to defend your home—your honour—your dear ones—is the LAW OF NATURE.

THE birds of the air—the beasts of the field—the fish in the waters under the earth—and even the insect kingdom—know this Law and follow it. By conscription all the Nations of the earth recognise this Law—and Japan has shown us that to them their Country is dearer than life. None can alter this truth that Might is Right—and Victory is achieved only by the Strong. And every living creature upon the earth has to accept this Law.

BUT when I say every living creature—I must except a certain nancyfied nonentity named Anthony Eden. To Mr. Eden—love of Country—is anathema—and to patriots who would abide by this universal Law and fight for their Country—he says—

THE EDEN LAW

WHAT ARE THE LAWS OF GOD AND OF MAN TO ME ? I AM ANTHONY EDEN—MY WORD IS LAW AND I ORDER ALL BRITONS TO FOLLOW THE EDEN LAW, WHICH IS TO FIGHT ONLY FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. THIS DOCTRINE MAY BE DESCRIBED AS EVIL—UNNATURAL—UNPatriotic AND AGAINST EVERY LAW OF GOD AND OF MAN—BUT WHAT DO I CARE ?—IT IS THE LAW OF ANTHONY EDEN.

THIS sinister self-worshipping simpleton who—by getting round a silly old man—has wangled himself into a position for which he is totally unfitted—imagines himself a saviour and redeemer—BUT IN ATTEMPTING TO ROAR LIKE A LION—HE HAS ONLY SUCCEEDED IN BRAYING LIKE AN ASS.

AND cowardly Conservatives are bowing down before this Brazen image of Brass—they are no doubt capable of kow-towing even touching the ground nine times with their foreheads in homage before this Prince of Ineffectuals.

THE CURSE OF THE GODS.

BUT are we not told that those whom the gods would destroy—they first turn mad. Anthony Eden has destroyed England's every friend by using any dirty weapon he can lay hands on to fight for the slave-driving Abyssinians. And by prating of Peace—and doing everything to force War upon us—he has earned for England the contempt and hatred of every self-respecting Nation.

WAR always has been—War always will be—War always must be—until the lamb lies down with the lion—but the lamb's name is not ANTHONY EDEN.

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